

A MERCHANTVILLE, N.J. MYSTERY.

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1890.

VOLUME LVII.—No. 64.
Price Ten Cents.



VANQUISHED BY A GIRL.

MISS MAY LEATON, OF NORMAL, ILL., DOWNS A RUFFIAN BY A WELL-DIRECTED KICK.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1890.

READ OUR GREAT OFFER--\$10 WORTH
FOR 10 CENTS.

THE GRAND ANNUAL
SUPPLEMENT EDITION
OF THE

POLICE GAZETTE
WILL BE No. 687, PUBLISHED THURS-
DAY, OCTOBER 30.

With this number will be presented a Beautiful
Tinted Lithograph Supplement of the memorable
fight between

TOM KING AND JEM MACE,

At Thames Haven, England, on November 25, 1862,
for the championship of England. This supplement
is taken from a photograph of the fight. All the
prominent sporting men around the ring can be easily
recognized.

SIZE OF SUPPLEMENT--21x30 INCHES.

It will make an elegant picture for Barrooms, Club
Rooms, Barber Shops, &c. Order from your news-
dealer at once, so that you will be sure to get a copy.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

LINGO IN LIMBO AGAIN.

The recent murder of Mrs. Annie Miller, in
the woods near Merchantville, N. J., is, at the
time of writing, liable to be relegated to the
archives of mystery. Mrs. Miller left her home
to visit relatives in a near-by village. She
never returned home. She was afterward
found in the wood, brutally and horribly mu-
tilated. Near where the body was found two
children, walking through the wood, met a col-
ored man, who appeared to be greatly excited.
The fact came to the notice of the authorities,
and after they had compared notes the advisa-
bility was suggested of arresting Frank Lingo,
a ne'er-do-well colored man, whose description
tallied with that of the colored man seen by
the children. He was arrested and locked up
in the Camden jail.

The circumstantial evidence against Lingo
was strong. What made it presumably stronger
was the fact that he was alleged to have been
implicated in the murder of Annie Leoney, a
year before, in the same neighborhood and
under nearly the same circumstances. Lingo
proved his innocence of the Leoney murder,
and claims himself guiltless of the Miller crime.

If he can do so, conviction on circumstantial
evidence should receive a set back.

This brings up the question as to whether
or not John Reginald Birchall is guilty of the
murder of Frederick C. Benwell. Birchall
claims his innocence.

We published the story of the Leoney mur-
der at the time of its occurrence. The tale of
the Miller crime appears, with illustrations, in
this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. We
have set forth all the particulars of the Birch-
all-Benwell murder in a book which can be had
by application at this office.

CONCERNING THE SLAVIN-McAULIFFE FIGHT.

So many congratulations have reached us
from our patrons and readers regarding our
efficiency in reporting and depicting the story
of the Slavin-McAuliffe fight immediately after
its occurrence that they make us feel proud of
our enterprise. But it is an old story—that of
our enterprise—and it needs no further remark.
On another page will be found the tale of the
afterclap, as it were, together with the press
comments on the subject and opinions of
prominent sporting men regarding the result
of the fight.

NOTICE TO AGENTS.

The attention of news agents and news deal-
ers throughout the world is called to the an-
nouncement regarding our coming supplement
published at the head of this column. A word
to the wise is sufficient.

MASKS AND FACES

Busts, Legs and Tights--
Thespians and Dudes--
The Sisters Levey.

SIBYL'S STATUESQUE SHAPE

Pertinent Points on Pads-- Dion
Boucicault's Dears.

WEEKLY WHISPERS.

The metropolis has been very much worked up
about legs, busts and tights these last fourteen
days.

Sibyl Johnstone, who replaced Pearl Eyttinge as the
statuesque model in "The Clemenceau Case," has
roused all the lubricity in the sluggish blood of the
baldheads of Manhattan.

I told you last week that "The Clemenceau Case,"
produced at the Standard Theatre, was a fiasco on the
first night.



IZA IS ROBED.

Pearl Eyttinge, as the sculptor's model in the play,
was a mastodontic monstrosity.
Two days after that fiasco, Manager Fleron took
her off, shelved her, and put Sibyl Johnstone in her
place.

Success was immediate.
Sibyl Johnstone came out in pink, skin-tight attire
as Iza, the girl whom the sculptor is supposed to love,
and achieved an instantaneous hit.

There was no visible drapery about her. There was,
for seven seconds, no semblance of vestment.

The high foreheads saw a woman before them as
though in all the pink nudity of a morning bath.
The legs, bust and arms of the woman were clasped
in a long, rosy jersey.

The calcium played on a flesh and blood bit of fem-
inity, surmounted by a blonde head.

Wilton Lackaye modeled a creature such as St. An-
tony would have hugged and kissed.

Business became big after the change from Pearl to
Sibyl was made.

Married men thronged the theatre.

Unmarried men, after looking at the startling spec-
tacle, leered ominously and rushed from the play
house to neighboring hostilities to commune concern-
ing the subject.

Sibyl Johnstone used to play in "The Henrietta"
with Robson and Crane a couple of seasons ago.

Now Sibyl Johnstone plays with the passions of
men of every temperature and temperament.

There is a strange contagion of leggishness in this
town at present.

The veiled and padded sirens of the "Black Crook"
of the olden days wouldn't be in it now.

Dudes, mashers and bloods want their women, like
their whiskey, neat and without frills.

Evans and Hoey, who are striking "A Parlor Match"



"I USE SAFETY PINS!"

at the Park Theatre just now, recognized this fact
some time ago.

So when they were abroad this summer they en-

AN ELEGANT CABINET PHOTOGRAPH OF SIBYL JOHN-
stone, in costume, who is now creating a furor in "The Clem-
enceau Case." Sent to any address on receipt of price, 10 cents.
RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

gaged the Sisters Levey, and have since run them into
their show.

These three women, the Leveys, are big, lusty,
smooth-limbed girls, with small feet, big hands, red
arms, little expression and lots of nerve.

They come out with little on but powder, and do a
music hall song-and-dance turn in tights.

In the last act, when they appear dressed in evening
raiment, the Leveys are as ungainly as possible.

But in tights the Leveys exude an animal magnetism



"MY MAID PULLS HARD!"

that would put renewed vigor into even the Baron de
Chevrial.

That show of Evans and Hoey, by the way, is an ex-
cellent one, and you want to see it whenever and
wherever you get a chance.

Coming back to the question of the hour (I don't
mean reciprocity, or prohibition, or free trade, the
new tariff, or trifles of that sort), coming back to the
subject of tights, I want to give you my experience in
the matter.

A couple of years ago I specially interviewed about
six of our prominent burlesquers on the subject and
got their views.

Pauline Hall was delightfully communicative.

"When I first went into the business I used to spend
almost all my salary--\$12--on tights and shoes. The
most expensive kind of tights I have ever worn cost
about \$20. You can't wear tights longer than three
weeks. They are made of fine, soft silk. I have often
laundered my own flesh tights. They are colored with
what we call 'pink saucer' in the profession, a kind
of stuff you buy at the druggist's.

"You have to be awfully careful when you put on
your tights. They rip so easily a finger nail can tear
them. Tights are pulled up with a strap around the
waist, and turned over. I use safety pins to attach
them when they're turned over. I put my tights away
in a box. I don't hang 'em up. They'd get dusty. I
have always two or three pairs on hand in case of an
emergency."

I also interviewed Lena Merville on the subject of
tights and she gave me her opinion. "Tights are
cheaper in England than here, but I prefer your ar-
ticle," said she. "The silk is much heavier, and
though it has less gloss than it has in England, the
tights fit better. You can purchase an excellent pair
in England for thirty-five shillings, while here the
cheapest silk tights cost \$10. When I was playing in
England some years ago, the Lord Chamberlain sud-
denly took it into his wise head to order that all trunks



TIGHTS!

worn on the burlesque stage had to come down to
seven inches of the knee; in other words only seven
inches of the upper leg ought to remain uncovered.
Several of the girls were indignant, but the manager
called every one into the green room, insisted on the
order being carried out, and saw that it was so. Each
night thereafter, inch by inch, however, the trunks
were hoisted. The seven inches became double that
number. One night I rushed into the dressing rooms,
exclaiming, 'O, girls, the Lord Chamberlain is in
front!' The result of the announcement was sudden.
All the girls lowered their trunks to the full extent.
I never deceived the girls. They'd have lynched
me."

I next saw Violet Mascotte, who is going starring in
"The Corker," shortly.

"I don't mind tights a bit," said the blonde com-
edienne. "I rather like them. The tighter the tights
the better. I have them so tight oftentimes that my
maid has to pull hard before she can get them off. I
never feel embarrassed on the stage. I don't see why
an artist should feel ashamed of appearing in tights.
It's a part of the business. And if you have a fine leg
there's less shame to it than ever."

"How about pads?" I asked Loie Fuller once upon a
time.

"Pads," said Loie Fuller, laughing, "are made of
sheep's wool. They're very common. Few women
have perfectly developed shapes. When I played
'Jack Shepard' at the Bijou, New York, I won a bet
of \$10 on the fact that I didn't pad. One of the men
of the company bet I padded. I bet I didn't. Poor
Lillie Grubb, who was referee, stuck pins into me and
pinched me. My antics soon convinced the fellow
who said I padded that I didn't. Padding is generally
used for the calf and the upper leg. I always feel
first-rate in tights. They brace me, make me feel as
though I was a soldier."

Let me see if I can remember the women on the

stage who have struck me as looking well in tights.
Fay Templeton used to be a stunner in the old days.
Hattie Delaro is good to-day. Lena Merville is very
trim. Cora Tinnie is passable. Mac Branson has
magnificent legs in tights. Ruth Stetson was one of
the finest legateses you could pick out anywhere.
Mollie Fuller has a fairish figure for tights. Josie Hall
is skimpy. Lillian Russell and Isabelle Urquhart are
now too beefy for tights, and so are Pauline Hall and
Mathilde Cottrill. The legs of Marion Manola, Bertha
Rice, Marie Jansen and Sylvia Gerriah slip very heat-
ily into tights. Fanny Rice is an enormity in them.
Marie Tempest looks a corker in red skin-tight regi-
mentals. Ida Mülle is symmetrically made, accord-
ingly tights clasp her well. Billie Barlow used to be
voluptuousness personified in them.

I won't enumerate further.

Speaking of pads and tights, however, reminds me
that I once called on Dion Boucicault at the Albemarle
Hotel, New York, and found him in a darkened room
inspecting a girl in tights, at about five of a winter
afternoon. The door was ajar, I hesitated, but he bade
me come in.

He was inspecting the girl as he would a work of
art.

Boucicault, who launched Sadie Martinot in her
young days, always had a fondness for the details of
women's underwear.

Boucicault picked women as the Duke de Morney
picked dresses.

And now Boucicault is dead. He always claimed he
was sixty-eight years old in his latter days, and he
maintained that he had concocted four hundred plays.

He had three wives and I don't know how many
children.

His rejection of Agnes Robertson, his wife, killed
any affection the public may have had for him.

His denial of the legitimacy of his children stamped
him as a sneak and a coward.

I don't believe in praising a man simply because
he's dead. They do that at the Actor's Fund Meeting
every year.

I won't do it in this column if I can help it.

The night of the funeral of Boucicault, I saw three
swells come out of a restaurant near the Standard
Theatre. They were full of bad whiskey and realistic
art.

"I tell you," said one, "that girls who--hic--fill
their tights better than their parts--hic--generally
have better parts than those who--hic--fill their parts
better than their tights." LEW ROSEN.

A WAIL FROM WYOMING.

Joseph De Barthe, an old-time New York journalist,
but now proprietor of the Big Horn County Ruttler, of
Bonanza, Wyoming, thus writes regarding metropol-
itan journalists:

"True hearts never grow old. Age may whiten
locks, furrow brows, dim eyes and pale bodies, but
the warmth and glow of a true man's heart is subject
only to that reaper whose name is Death. Under
pressure of a chain of happy remembrances of old
associates and associations of New York Bohemia,
made doubly impressive, mayhap, by the recent ar-
rival of the Police Gazette, the RUTTLER goes back to a
time in busy Gotham when the 'Bohemian' reporters
of the daily press were a band of true brothers; when
'each his own' was lost in that grander principle of
'ours is yours.' He remembers his struggles and the
odds he struggled against; he forgets not the frowners
who frowned nor the friends who encouraged him.

Dr. Wood, of the Sun; Congressman Amos Cummings;
Stephen J. Meany, of the Star; Tody and Jack Ham-
ilton, Peter Delaney, of the Sun, and now of the Market
News; Walter Quevedo, Managing Editor of the Police
Gazette; Walt Cooper, Captain Henry M. Payne--ah,
where would end the list of the then Bohemia, and
how soon has ended many of the bright intellects that
were 'wont to set the table in a roar!'

"No monument may ever be erected to the golden
hearts that have ceased to beat in old Bohemia; but
the memory that is left the living of the tried and true
ones gone is mellowed into a reverence by the feet-
ing years, and some day in the near future the RUT-
LER hopes to fill the measure of his wish to meet the
friends of old lang syne, and clink the canican to the
their health and happiness. When the occupation of
the New York Bohemian is gone, then many a royal
good fellow goes with it."

We hope so too, "Joe"! Come along! The POLICE
GAZETTE latherstrig is always on the outside for such
as you 'uns.

SHE HAD REJECTED HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Mamie Joseph, a handsome young lady, of St.
Augustine, Fla., was recently shot and killed by Alex-
ander Campbell, her rejected lover. Campbell went to
Miss Joseph's home and found her in company with
her mother and a lady friend. He began firing. His
first shot only grazed his victim. She ran into a neigh-
bor's yard, followed by Campbell, who fired two more
shots, killing her. Campbell was arrested.

A BRIGHT COMEDIAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Edgar Selden, the star of "Will o' the Wisp" and
writer of "McKeena's Flirtation," is the youngest suc-
cessful actor author in America. His popularity as
an Irish comedian is firmly established and his ad-
mirers are many. Dan'l Shelby, the veteran Chicago
manager, has Mr. Selden under a five-years' contract.
His portrait appears on another page.

MANAGER JOHN RUSSELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We take pleasure in reproducing this week the intel-
ligent face of Mr. John Russell, the able, energetic
and successful manager of Paul Potter's "City Direc-
tory," a farce-comedy now winning laurels on the road
and in the big cities.

HANDSOME TOMA HANLON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Toma Hanlon, whose fine face we reproduce this
week, comes from a theatrical family, and has been a
credit to various first-class burlesque and comic opera
companies.

THE SISTERS LEVEY.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

We are the first of our contemporaries to reproduce
the fine figures and charming faces of the Levey Sis-
ters, now with the "Parlor Match" company of Evans
and Hoey.

SPLENDID CABINET PHOTOGRAPH OF THE THREE LEVY
Sisters in tights. Magnificent finished. Sent to any address
on receipt of price, 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square,
New York City.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The Story of the McAuliffe-Slavin Fight.

BOTH MEN ARRESTED.

They Are Taken Before Justice Partridge.

RELEASED UNDER BONDS.

Comments of the American Press On the Subject.

SPORTING MEN'S OPINIONS.

In our issue of last week we told the full story of the contest between Slavin and McAuliffe. We received the news early and gave all the details of the fight.

Another chapter was enacted in the Lambeth Police Court, London, on Sept. 29. Both Slavin and McAuliffe had been arrested and brought before Police Justice Partridge. Richard K. Fox was at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, a few miles from London, but on hearing of the American's arrest he was soon back to look after McAuliffe's interest.

A special to the New York Herald, regarding this phase of the case, says:

"A great and motley crowd was assembled without the Police Court, and cheered lustily as the men arrived and departed in separate cabs. Slavin, fastidiously dressed, with a flower in his buttonhole, jewelry and a complacent smile, showed no sign of the recent fray. McAuliffe's nose was barked and his face bore several scratches.

"Joe complains," said Mr. Richard K. Fox to me, "of pains through his breast from Slavin's body blows." A casual observer, however, could detect no sign of serious damage, and the big Californian eyed Slavin as if he would like nothing better than to tackle him again. Such, indeed, is the feeling he expressed to a friend.

"The testimony against the fighters given by Inspector Chisholm was to the effect that the contest had been an exhibition, with little real science involved. That such violent blows were exchanged as might easily have inflicted serious injury. The prisoners were remanded until Friday next upon £2,000 bail each, which was furnished by Messrs Plessee and Richard K. Fox.

"Opinions vary as to the outcome of the affair, some

did not yield without a struggle, and gathering himself plumped forward on his opponent with desperate though unguarded energy. That was the precise moment Slavin had been waiting for, and, making a feint with his left, brought in his right with a diagonal upper-cut, the blow falling full on the point of McAuliffe's jaw. That is another thing McAuliffe will never forget—that stunning, brain racking, pitiless right-hander. He fell before it like an ox, and tumbling



CHEERING M'AU-LIFFE.

about on all fours tried vainly to regain his feet. Once he succeeded, but like a flash Slavin was upon him, and again the Westerner's 208 pounds was driven down to the sawdust, while the Australian, with black brows contracted, stood ready waiting to see if Joe wanted any more, but Joe's ambition was more than satisfied, and when the ten seconds limit had ticked away he did not rise nor wish to rise. It was all over and America is vanquished, and the heavy-weight championship of the world, together with the purse of £1,000 and the handsome "Police Gazette" championship belt, will be borne away to far distant Australia by Frank P. Slavin, than whom not a happier

World office with Richard K. Fox, admits that McAuliffe lost the fight through lack of courage. The first time Slavin hit him hard it frightened him out of his wits.

"At the outset McAuliffe was disposed to be too good-natured and to pay more attention to style than to hitting. Slavin meanwhile devoted himself to slugging with all his might. There seldom has been a more vicious sight in the prize ring than the finish of the second round. When Slavin got in his right-hander on McAuliffe's ear the latter fell like an ox at slaughter. His backers watched with strained eyes and bated breath for signs of returning consciousness. To their immense relief McAuliffe began slowly and weakly to gather himself together, and before ten seconds had elapsed he was able to stand up. He appeared to be dazed and helpless and had just sufficient sense to put himself in a defensive position, but no sooner was he in position than Slavin landed the terrific right-hander on his stomach."

Billy Madden, on being interviewed, said: "The fight was a terrible one from the very outset. Both men went in for slugging for all they were worth, and either man was liable to be knocked out any moment if one of those terrible blows happened to strike him in the right place. That, unfortunately, is what happened to my man. If he had avoided Slavin's blow on the jaw it is quite possible that he himself would have knocked Slavin out the very next moment. In any case it is inconceivable that such terrific fighting could have lasted more than a very few rounds. That's my opinion."

"And it's mine, too," said Richard K. Fox. "Still, I believe in giving everybody his due, and I am quite prepared to admit that the men fought fairly and that the best man won. It's really too bad, though, for Australia to be in possession, as is now the case, of both the heavy-weight and the feather-weight championships of the world."

"Joe McAuliffe did not have any excuse to offer for his defeat. After the battle he lay on a bed like an Atlas at rest, and looked the picture of distress. His face was red and swollen, particularly about the eyes, and he showed several cuts. Approaching him I expressed my sympathy and I ventured to ask how he accounted for his defeat.

"Account for it," answered McAuliffe, shaking his head sadly. "I don't account for it at all, except that Slavin was smart enough to put me to sleep. Please don't talk about the fight. I have been fairly beaten, and there's an end of it all."

"The result was one of the greatest surprises the



M'AU-LIFFE IN BED AFTER THE FIGHT.

man walks the streets of London at the present moment.

"Think of it! At five minutes to 5 Joe McAuliffe, smiling and confident, stood up in the ring of the Ormonde Club against Frank Slavin, the redoubtable Australian champion. At two minutes past 5, after a round and a half of tremendous slogging such as has been rarely seen, Joe McAuliffe, no longer smiling, but bleeding profusely from mouth and ear, lay prone upon the floor, stunned by the terrible right-hander received on the point of his jaw, which, in the expressive language of the ring, 'put him to sleep' in a manner which no one of the two thousand spectators will be likely to forget. Nor is Joe McAuliffe likely to forget to his dying day the extraordinary developments of that last round, which is destined to be historical in the annals of the prize ring.

"America's champion came up as time was called flushed with hopes of speedy success and encouraged by roars of applause from his friends, who, judging from his superiority in the first round, seemed confident that things were going their way fast, and so they were, if the series of terrible punches landed full on Slavin's face was any criterion.

"The trouble was that Slavin didn't seem to object in the least to the aforeaid punches, but stood right up to them as if Joe was sprinkling him with rose water. He rather liked being punched on the nose, eyes and mouth, or wherever else McAuliffe chose to land his massive dukes, but suddenly like a bolt from a clear sky the Australian lunged forward with concentrated effort and got in a terrific right-hander. Where, on his head or in his stomach? No; he got it in, as a more than one acute observer remarked, 'on McAuliffe's left side, just over the spot where his heart was beating.' Any one who has been kicked by a mule will appreciate the force of this blow. Any physician or student of physiology will appreciate its danger.

"After the battle McAuliffe was taken to his room and he lay in bed all the next day unable to retain food as a result of the terrific blow Slavin gave him in the stomach. Strange to say, McAuliffe has no distinct recollection of receiving that blow, though it doubled him up on the floor and virtually decided the fight. The right-hander Slavin gave him previously under the left ear dazed him so that he was unable to see for a few seconds, during which time Slavin followed up his advantage. No one was more surprised than Slavin at the sudden weakening of McAuliffe in the second round. McAuliffe's fair prospect of victory turned into one of the most ignominious defeats ever seen in the prize ring."

The New York World publishes the following:

"After the battle Billy Madden, who called at the beautiful photographs of either Joe McAuliffe or Frank P. Slavin. Size 4 1/2 by 5 1/2, 10 cents each; size 11 by 14, 50 cents each; size 20 by 24, \$1.50 each. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City."

prize ring has furnished for years. Probably the majority of men who follow pugilistic affairs carefully fancied the Australian to take first money, but even his most enthusiastic supporters reckoned that he would do well to finish McAuliffe in ten rounds. It was generally conceded that Slavin was a wicked punisher and a pugilist fit to give battle to any of the 'big uns,' even to the champion, John L. Sullivan. At the St. James Hotel, the Hoffman, the Brower House, yesterday, and in every place in town where race-goers and sporting men gather, the fight was the chief topic of conversation."

John L. Sullivan chatted pleasantly about the fight to a reporter in the dressing-room of the Academy of Music, Jersey City, the afternoon after the fight.

"That was a genuine surprise to me," John said. "I had hoped that McAuliffe would win, and I wanted to see him on top simply because he is a countryman of mine. I had my doubts about his ability to whip Slavin, but I had no more idea that this fellow would put



SLAVIN RECEIVES THE STAKES.

him out in two rounds than I had that I would go to China."

"Will you fight Slavin, now that he has won a great name for himself?" was asked.

"You forget," said the big fellow, straightening himself up and smiling, good-naturedly, "that I am an actor now, but if, after our season closes, which will

be some months from now, this man wants to try me on, why I may be ready to talk business. He certainly is a hard hitter."

Dick Roche, of the Puritan Club, a man who has as thorough a knowledge of sporting affairs as any man in town, was seen at the St. James. "I picked Slavin out to win," said he, "but I hoped McAuliffe would finish first in the race, for he is a great big, good-hearted fellow, and I really would have given \$500 had the result been different. This man Slavin is a great pugilist, and for that matter all Australian fighters are. Mose Gunst, of San Francisco, told me that Jackson had it all his own way when he fought McAuliffe, and from that I judged that Joe's chances with Slavin were not of the best. He is slow and awkward, and easy to hit, while the other man has none of these disadvantages. Do I think Slavin could whip Jackson? Well, if he doesn't he will run a close second."

"The winner was my choice," said Jimmy Wakely, "but I had no idea he would do big McAuliffe up in two rounds. Slavin is a great man and he will make Jackson hustle if they ever come together."

"Would Slavin have a chance with the big fellow?"



DRINKING TO THE VICTOR.

"Yes, he'd have a chance," Wakely replied, "but, bless my soul, none of these fellows are in it with John."

A more surprised man than the light-weight champion of the world, Jack McAuliffe, could not have been found anywhere. He sat in his cafe, the Pimlico, at No. 19 West Twenty-sixth street, filling out orders for the hats he lost on the fight.

"Why, I thought Joe would win in a canter," Jack said, "but the other was too speedy for him. I am not yet thoroughly convinced that Joe is not the better man. I called him my sympathy to-night."

Billy Edwards selected Slavin for the winner, but thought McAuliffe had a good chance.

Frank Stevenson thought Slavin would win all along, but never dreamed that he would have such a picnic. "Kilrain can whip the winner," he said.

Honest John Kelly predicted that McAuliffe would not last three rounds.

William Muldoon stood in front of the St. James when he said to a reporter: "Slavin was my choice, but I thought that McAuliffe would make a better fight than he did. By the way, you may say that the report printed in a local newspaper that George Godfrey and Ed. Smith have been matched to fight before the Puritan Athletic Club is untrue. Godfrey is willing to accept the purse, however, and I expect a letter from Smith, who is at my farm in Belfast, tomorrow. The match may be made Monday."

The New York Sun on Oct. 2 published the following special cable:

LONDON, Oct. 1.—Richard K. Fox was seen to-day by a reporter concerning Sullivan's refusal to accept his backing in a fight with Slavin. Mr. Fox said: "My offer of \$25,000 was made in good faith. Sullivan's opinion of me personally does not enter into the matter at all, and is of no possible consequence. My object was solely to keep the championship in America, and I believe Sullivan could do that. As he has refused, why that ends it, and there is nothing further to be done about it."

"Slavin and his backer claimed the 'Police Gazette' championship belt on Saturday last, as they desire to exhibit it here in London. I thought if Sullivan met Slavin the belt would stay where it is."

"Regarding the Sullivan-Kilrain fight, I did not have one cent on the result, and every one who knows me knows perfectly well that I never bet."

LOVERS CAUGHT BY PAPA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Rich farmer Michael Horst, of Gravel Hill, Lebanon County, Pa., had a wild and exciting ride recently, after his pretty young daughter, Lizzie, who had left the house late at night to run away to Camden with young farmer Adam Miller and be married. Lizzie, on the night of the elopement, retired as usual, and waited until her father was asleep. She then tiptoed downstairs and out into the road, where her lover was waiting with his team. The two drove to Lebanon, where they were about to take a train for Philadelphia, when they were confronted by farmer Horst, who had discovered his daughter's absence, hitched up a pair of trotters, drove to the nearest railway station and had arrived at Lebanon ahead of the eloping couple. The lovers turned quickly and fled. Later Mr. Horst found his daughter in the ladies' waiting room, and assisted by a constable, took her home. Adam feels confident that Lizzie will yet be Mrs. Miller.

HER INJURIES ARE FATAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A few days ago two men approached the residence of Mrs. Charlotte Haas, at Fort Wayne, Ind., and shouted that her son had been injured at the railroad yards, and that they wished to enter to explain the details. As soon as they were inside they threw Mrs. Haas to the floor and beat her into unconsciousness. They then ransacked the house, but found nothing. Mrs. Haas's injuries are pronounced fatal.

SEND FOR A SET OF "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION Boxing Gloves. Made in 2, 4, 6 and 8 ounce weight of the very finest tan and brown kid, laced and padded wrists. Price, per set of 4, \$4.50. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



WATCHING THE BULLETIN.

maintaining that the men are sure of a heavy fine, with the chance of a short imprisonment, while others think they will be let off free on the ground that the contest was not illegal.

"How does Joe feel? I asked Mr. Fox to-night. "Badly; very badly. He's all broke up. I've been with him nearly all the time since the fight trying to cheer him up, because he did the best he could, but he was outclassed, in my opinion."

On Friday, Oct. 3, McAuliffe and Slavin were in court, as had previously been arranged, and the hearing was adjourned for a week. Richard K. Fox pledged himself to guarantee McAuliffe's appearance in court in the sum of £500, and McAuliffe and Slavin departed with their friends.

COMMENTS ON THE BATTLE.

The international battle between Frank P. Slavin and Joe McAuliffe created unusual interest, but since the unlooked for result has been the universal topic of conversation in sporting circles. Sporting men who backed McAuliffe were surprised that he was whipped so easily. Regarding the battle the New York Herald correspondent says:

"Weeks ago in conversation with Slavin he told me that he had certain body blows which were deadly and under which no man could survive if he successfully planted them. This blow was one of them, and deadly it proved. McAuliffe staggered, seemed to shrink together, and the smile on his face was succeeded by a look of terror. He knew, although no one else did, that the battle was won and lost, but the Californian



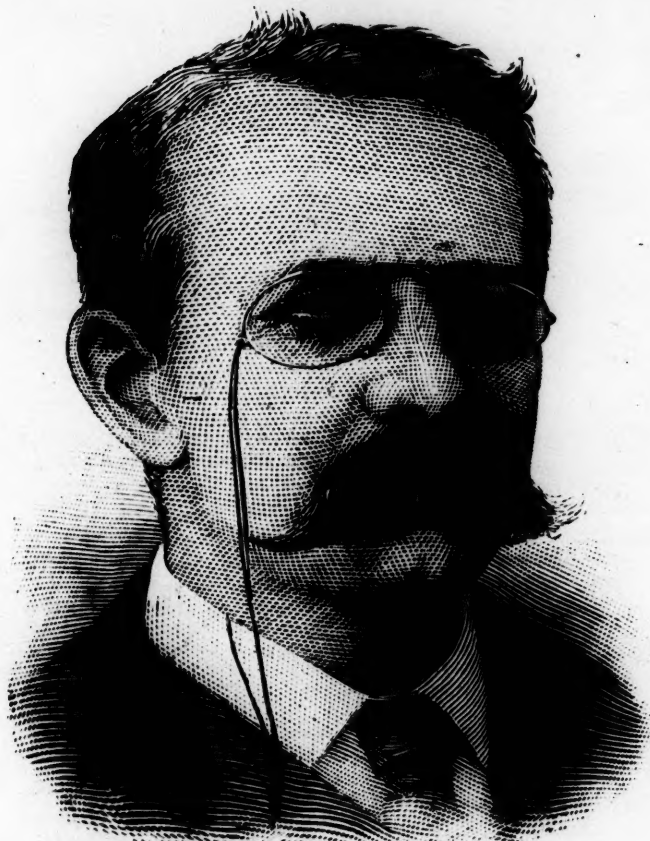
HANDSOME TOMA HANLON.

A DASHING ACTRESS, A SWEET SINGER AND A GOOD-LOOKER, LATE WITH THE FAY TEMPLETON BURLESQUE FORCES.



A BRIGHT COMEDIAN.

EDGAR SELDEN, AN ENTERPRISING YOUNG ACTOR AND AUTHOR, WHO IS A GENERAL FAVORITE WITH COMEDY LOVERS.



A SOCIALISTIC AGITATOR.

T. F. CUNO, BANISHED FROM HIS NATIVE LAND AND NOW WITH THE NEW YORK "VOLKSZEITUNG."



MANAGER JOHN RUSSELL.

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THE SISTERS LEVEY.

THE THREE FASCINATING LONDON BEAUTIES, WHO NOW DISPLAY THEIR BEWILDERING CHARMS WITH THE EVANS AND HOBY "PARLOR MATCH" COMPANY.



SHE HAD REJECTED HIM.

MISS MAMIE JOSEPH, OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, IS SHOT DEAD BY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, A FORMER DISCARDED LOVER.



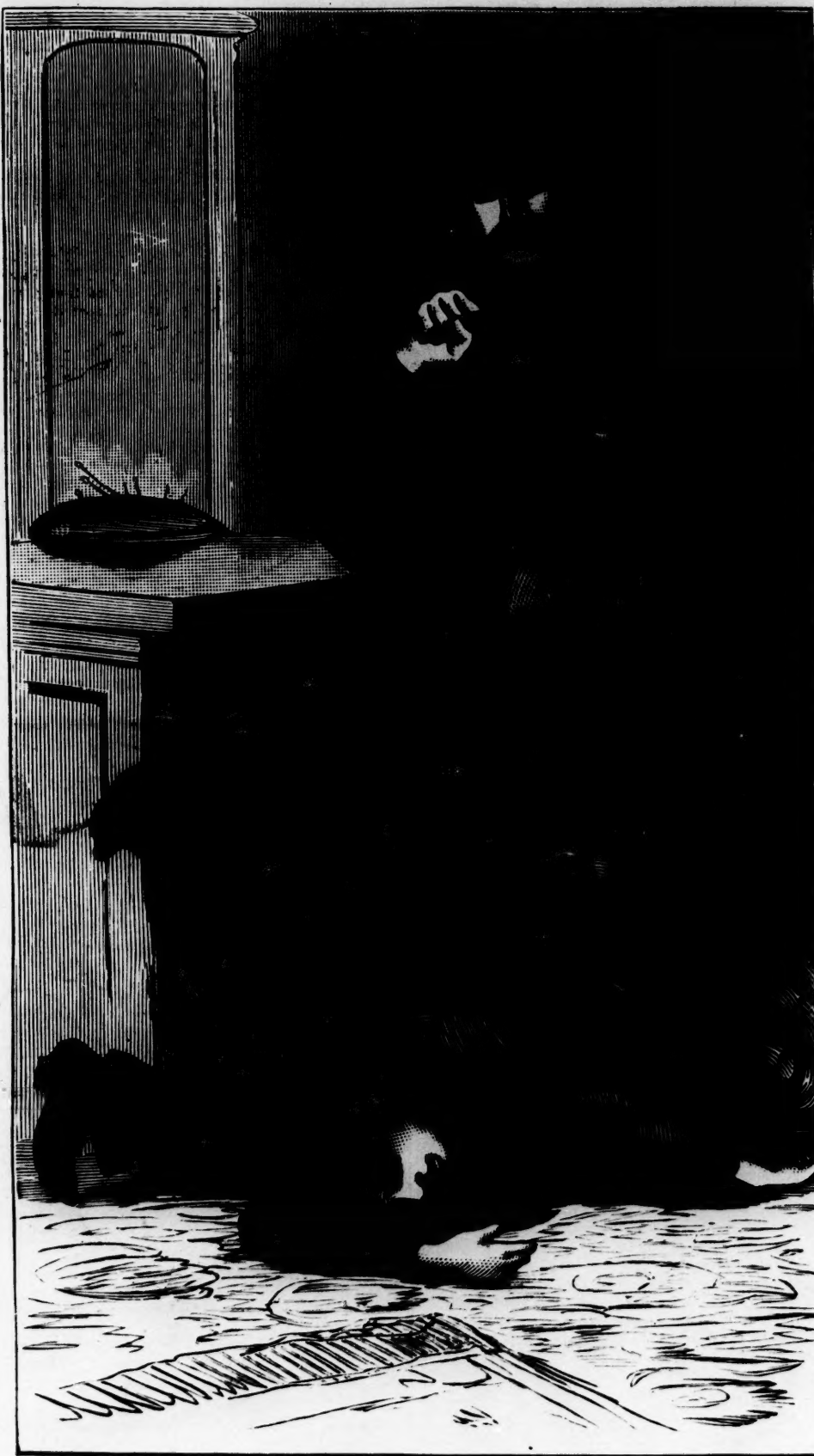
"HANDS UP, GENTLEMEN!"

THE HARRISON AND EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, STAGE HELD-UP AND ROBBED OF THE MAIL BY ROAD AGENTS.



WHO KILLED THE FORTUNE-TELLER?

C. A. BENSON IS ARRESTED IN CAMDEN, N. J., FOR THE COLD-BLOODED MURDER OF A WOMAN IN LEAVENWORTH, KAN.



HER INJURIES ARE FATAL.

TWO ROBBERS ENTER THE HOME OF MRS. HASS, AT FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, AND BEAT HER INTO AN IRREVERSIBLE CONDITION.

FIVE QUEER CASES.

Not Counterfeit Notes
But Queer Females.

A LIVELY COURT SCENE.

Lolla Williams Elopes With
Her Brother-in-Law.

SEIFERT'S DOUBLE CRIME.

Mrs. Kate Williams's Novel
Family Lawsuit.

A SELF-CONFESSED MURDERESS.

Even the cool and stormy weather does not appear to chill or dampen the ardor of the softer sex desirous of throwing off restraint and acting, if not really assisting.

The public be —!



MRS. McCLELLAN THREATENS THE LAWYER.

This assertion will forcibly impress itself upon the minds of my readers after they have perused the following five queer cases. It must be distinctly understood that "five queer cases" has no reference to sporting parlance, and does not mean five counterfeit dollar notes.

Let her go, Gallagher!

BALTIMORE CREAM OF TARTAR.

When a homely woman is a tartar she is the worst kind of a tartar, particularly if she is suffering from the complaint known as disappointed hopes. When a young and pretty woman, married, or otherwise, gets up on her hind legs and howls and scowls, she should justly be termed the cream of tartar. Such a woman appeared in the Baltimore, Md., Criminal Court recently. She is Mrs. Mary A. McClellan, and she has been summoned to court at the instance of Mrs. Emma Freeburger, on a charge of larceny.

The trouble began when Mr. Ruddell, the counsel for the defence, asked Mrs. McClellan during a cross-examination if she did not live in the same house with a colored family. This wounded the pride of the lady, who jumped up from the witness chair, faced Lawyer Ruddell, and asked:

"Do you mean to put me on a par with niggers, you impertinent scamp? If I had you outside I would kick your face off."

Lawyer Ruddell told her the question was necessary and should be answered. This increased her wrath and she delivered another short invective, which terminated with: "If I had a revolver I would shoot you now."

She was led out asserting that she "would lay for him." The case was dismissed, but the lawyer did not leave the court room until the court was clear. He was evidently afraid of being raised by cream of tartar.

A LACON, ILL., DOUBLE SHOOTING.

In a cosy little vine-covered cottage in the suburbs of Lacon, Ill., a horrible tragedy recently occurred, and the whole neighborhood is in mourning in consequence. A father and his daughter, the latter a bride of but a few hours, are now still in death.

About five months ago Charles Seifert, the father, arrived in Lacon. Mr. Seifert and his daughter Mary, who were skilled weavers, obtained employment in the Lacon Woolen Mills. Among the other employees was Joseph Baxter, a young Englishman. He fell in love with the fascinating Mary, and wooed her, contrary to Mr. Seifert's desires.

Young Baxter never called at the house, but managed to see the girl elsewhere, and the young people finally became engaged. One day recent by Seifert met the young couple out walking, abused Baxter, and threatened to kill both and shoot himself. Baxter boarded two doors from Seifert, and he and Mary were married there by a Justice of the Peace. Seifert, when he heard of this, went to the house and asked to see the marriage certificate. This being shown to him, he seemed satisfied, and told the young wife to come to his house and get her trunk, which she did.

AN EXCELLENT CABINET PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. MCGONIGAL, accused of causing the death of pretty Annie Goodwin, mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

On the fatal morning Seifert sent a little daughter to Baxter with the information that he wished to become reconciled to his son-in-law and would apologize to him. Baxter went over, and Seifert treated him kindly, showed him where he had made a record of the marriage in the family Bible, and requested him to let Mary come home. Baxter consented, and after much persuasion Mary, who seemed very much afraid, went. She passed into the front room with her father, her stepmother remaining in the kitchen. Mary had not been in the room more than five minutes when a



A DOUBLE SHOOTING.

report was heard, followed by another, and the neighbors, attracted by the screaming of Mrs. Seifert, rushed over to the house and found father and daughter dead within two feet of one another. A breech-loading shotgun lay at Seifert's side. The cause of the tragedy is said to have been Seifert's anger at being deprived of his daughter's wages.

LOLLA WAS A LALLA.

Avondale is a village hard by Birmingham, Ala., and there is blood on the face of Avondale's moon because of the sensational elopement of David H. Patty and his pretty and enticing sister-in-law, Lolla Williams. Patty was, up to the time of his exodus, traveling salesman for the firm of Montgomery, Dreyer & Co., wholesale grocers, of Birmingham, but now, if all reports can be confirmed, he is traveling with the firm of Patty, Lolla & Co. Lolla is but eighteen years of age, as ripe as a peach, and, to use a vernacularism, is a lalla.

Mr. Patty forgot something when he left town—his wife, who is an elder daughter of O. D. Williams, a prominent dairy farm man near Avondale.

Patty was married four years ago to the elder Williams girl and he and his wife have since lived with his father-in-law. With the family lived Lolla. Patty was particularly kind and attentive to his lovely sister-in-law, but none of the family suspected undue relationship until about two weeks ago, when Patty gave out he was going out on a trip for his house. Simultaneously with his disappearance Lolla asked permission to visit an aunt for a few days and left home.

Notwithstanding her father and mother made search with the result stated.

Patty and the young girl left on a north-bound Alabama Great Southern train, but persons who know him intimately say he gave it out he was going to Mexico. Patty borrowed money from his house and also got money advanced to pay traveling expenses. Both families are highly connected and the Williams family and Patty's wife are prostrated with grief at the perfidy of their son and husband.

DID SHE AID IN KILLING HARLEY RUSSELL?

A special dispatch from Monticello, Ill., tends to clear up any doubt as to who murdered Harley Russell, the story of which crime recently excited wide-

killed Harley Russell; that she dressed in Albert Dunham's clothes and wore his shoes; that she held the horse while Edwin Holden shot Russell. She says Calvin Holden knew nothing about the killing until after it was done; that Dunham was in bed and took no part whatever, but that she had made threats against Russell in Dunham's presence. She admits having got a revolver on the Friday before the shooting, and that she took it home on Sunday morning after the shooting. Before leaving the jail there her son threw his arms around



MRS. HOLDEN CONFESSES.

The story embraces four places, to-wit: New York, Brooklyn, Denver and Monticello, N. Y. About four years ago Edward Williams, son of a prominent Brooklyn banker, saw Katie Quinn, the daughter of a Monticello, N. Y., farmer, at a New York theatre. He followed the girl to her boarding house and shortly



PATTY AND HIS LOLLA PLAN THE ELOPEMENT.

spread comment and question throughout the whole State.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that Calvin Holden was sentenced to be hanged for the perpetration of the crime, but even after his conviction there were doubts in the minds of certain of the populace as to his guilt.

Recently, while on her way to the Joliet Penitentiary, Mrs. Ann Eliza Holden told Dr. J. D. Knott that it was herself and son, Edwin Holden, that

afterward succeeded in obtaining an introduction. At that time Katie was working in a feather factory. For three years thereafter, it is alleged by George Coten, Mrs. E. L. Williams's counsel, Katie Quinn lived with Edward Williams as his mistress, and that one day it reached Katie's ears that the elder Williams was on his deathbed, and wishing to be recognized as a member of the family before his death, she succeeded in persuading Edward Williams to marry her.

After the ceremony he left his wife for several days. Katie then decided to call on her husband's folks. On arriving at the Williams mansion she was met by Mrs. E. L. Williams, who was immediately informed of the



MRS. KATE WILLIAMS AND MOTHER-IN-LAW.

secret marriage. Shortly afterward the couple went west, at Katie's suggestion, locating in Denver. During their five months' stay Williams wrote a number of letters to his mother, asserting that owing to his wife's jealous disposition he could not live with her. At the son's suggestion Mrs. Williams went to Denver. Shortly after her arrival Mrs. Kate began a suit against Mrs. E. L. for the alienation of her husband's affections, placing her damages at \$50,000. The jury awarded her \$12,500.

In her complaint the young wife alleged that her mother-in-law offered her several thousand dollars to leave for parts unknown, but that all such offers were refused. She will now bring divorce proceedings against her husband.

Queer creatures, those women, aren't they?
TOMMY RATS.

A SOCIALISTIC AGITATOR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most tireless socialistic agitators in this country is Theodore F. Cuno, one of the editors of the New York Volkszeitung. He is of German birth, a draughtsman and journalist by profession, and resides in the Twenty-fifth Ward of Brooklyn. He has been in this country about twenty years, having been expelled from Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain and Belgium for his agitation among the workmen in the factories where he was employed. Wherever he went the International Political Police followed him, causing his discharge whenever he had succeeded in finding employment. He was thoroughly blacklisted, and for this reason he came to this country where he drifted into journalism. For about ten years he was the Brooklyn representative of the New York Staats Zeitung at police headquarters, Brooklyn. He was also the founder of the celebrated Spread-the-Light Club, whose members originated the Anti-Rent League in 1881, proclaiming that "Rent is robbery," and that "Capitalists are sneak thieves." Mr. Cuno is also one of the founders of the New York Central Labor Union, and it was he who proposed that the first parade should be held, from which, later on, Labor Day originated.

"HANDS UP, GENTLEMEN!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The stage which runs between Harrison and Eureka Springs, Ark., was recently held up and robbed by road agents. It was about midnight when the driver was commanded to halt by one of the highwaymen, who covered him with a shotgun, while his masked comrades, revolvers in hand, stepped to the door of the stage and interviewed the passengers, of whom there were two. They were not molested, however. Taking the mail pouches with them, the robbers disappeared in the woods, first commanding the driver to go ahead. As this stage usually carries a heavy mail, it is thought they made a good haul.

VANQUISHED BY A GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss May Leaton, the pretty daughter of Circuit Clerk Howard Leaton, is a student at the State Normal School at Normal, Ill. A few days ago, while on her way home from school, she had a narrow escape at the hands of a ruffian. The young lady had crossed the high bridge over the Central road, when she was seized by a man who sprang from the roadside. Miss Leaton fought desperately, but was knocked down twice. At last a well-directed kick from the girl doubled up the man, and Miss Leaton made her escape.

WHO KILLED THE FORTUNE-TELLER?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

C. A. Benson was arrested a few days ago in Camden, N. J., charged with the murder of a female fortune-teller, of Leavenworth, Kas. He was paying attention to the seventeen-year-old daughter of the woman. The mother objected to his attentions because he was married. Somebody shot her through the head, killing her, and then, after sawing up the body, dumped it into the Missouri river. The daughter was arrested, but Benson, having secured possession of about \$400 of the murdered woman's money, managed to elude the police and skip to Camden where he was arrested.

A PLUCKY GIRL'S DEED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A burglar entered the house of Willis Davis, of Kansas City, Mo., a few days ago, and stacked up against more than he bargained for. The family was absent at the time, the house having been left in charge of Mattie Pinnick, a servant. The girl hearing a noise upstairs, took a revolver and proceeded to investigate. She discovered a man ransacking a bureau. Mattie covered the burglar with her little pop, and marched him down stairs, where he was given in charge of a policeman who locked him up.

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A MURDER MYSTERY.

Mrs. Annie Miller, of Merchantville, N. J., Killed.

MUTILATED IN THE WOODS.

Frank Lingo Arrested as the Murderer.

THE AUTHORITIES IN DOUBT.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAIT.]

Another mysterious murder has been added to the long list accorded to New Jersey and recorded in her criminal history. No State in the Union has more efficient officials, yet with all their ubiquitousness and energy criminals continue to baffle them.

The latest victim of a fiend in human form was Mrs. Annie Miller, a respectable and respected matron of the suburbs of Merchantville, Camden county, N. J.

John Miller lived with his wife and three small children on the tenant property known as the "Matheson Farm." On Thursday morning, Sept. 25, Mrs. Miller went on a visit to friends in Moorestown, a few miles below Merchantville. She was to have returned in the afternoon. Toward evening Mr. Miller became uneasy and started out to search for her. All night the search was kept up, but without avail. On the following morning several of his neighbors joined him in his efforts to find his missing wife. Inquiry in Mer-



SHE WALKED THROUGH THE WOOD.

chantville developed the fact that Mrs. Miller stopped there to make purchases, and then started on her homeward journey.

A clue was furnished by two children living near the Miller farm, who told the searchers that they had seen Mrs. Miller enter Matheson's woods late in the afternoon. The children said that just previous to Mrs. Miller's appearance a large negro had come along the road. He stopped and asked them if they had "seen a white man pass that way." Upon their answering in the negative the negro started through the woods, preceding Mrs. Miller, they said, by only a short distance.

Eagerly seizing this clue, a more thoroughly organized searching party, headed by Constables Naylor and Carlin, started out. Suddenly an affrightened "My God, here she is!" uttered by one of the men, brought all of the party to a clump of bushes, where one of their number was gazing upon an object lying partly hidden by the dense growth of underbrush. It needed only a glance to show that the object was the body of Mrs. Miller, the clothing torn and muddy, and the head severed almost from the rest of the body.

Evidence of a terrible struggle was seen all around. An examination of the body told the story. The ends of three fingers were missing from the left hand, and their appearance indicated that they had been bitten off. A wound on the same hand was undoubtedly caused by the murderer's teeth, the hand being bitten through. There was also a wound near the mouth, probably caused by a blow from a fist.

A pocketbook which Mrs. Miller carried was missing, and this undoubtedly furnished the motive for



SOMEBODY STRANGLED MRS. MILLER.

the murder, as an examination showed that no violence other than that described had been done. Attention immediately turned to the capture of the murderer. Almost unconsciously the name "Lingo" passed from lip to lip. This rather notorious negro had been working for Mr. Miller, doing odd jobs about the farm. He worked on the Thursday morning milking the cows and cutting corn. When he quit at night Mr. Miller told him to return on the following morning.

He promised that he would if he did not go to Philadelphia. He did not put in an appearance that morning. A constable went after him, and he was arrested in a house in Matchtown, a negro settlement near Merchantville.

Besides the fact that Lingo entered the woods just in front of Mrs. Miller, the authorities thought they had evidence in a piece of a blue flannel shirt found near the victim's body. The fragment fitted a hole in a shirt that Lingo acknowledged to be his property. When last seen before the murder he wore a shirt of this same description.

Calm consideration on the part of Prosecutor Wilson



WHO WAS THE MAN WHO ESCAPED?

Jenkins and Assistant Ridgway convinced them that there was a possibility of Lingo's innocence although they believed him to be the fiend.

His story as to his whereabouts at the time the murder is supposed to have been committed was corroborated by eight different people. Lingo's time, with the exception of a few moments, was fully accounted for, and the Assistant Prosecutor admits that the murderer of Annie Miller is still at large.

Detective Heidelberg, of New York, and two Pinkerton detectives are working upon the case. David Wilder, an insurance agent who was seen in the woods at 2:20 o'clock on the day of the murder, and who says he saw Lingo there, was questioned by Prosecutor Jenkins as to his travels during that day. He admitted leaving the Du Hadway house at the end of the woods and going back to the house of Mrs. Hucker, where he arrived at 2:50 o'clock. This, Prosecutor Jenkins said, would bring him in or around the place where the body was found at the time the murder is supposed to have been committed. Wilder is the Camden agent of the Provident Friendly Beneficial Society, and has an office at Third and Market streets, Camden. An inquiry at his place of business revealed the fact that he had left town and would be gone for a week.

Excitement in and around Merchantville continues to increase. It is approaching fever heat, and a proposition was made to call a meeting for the purpose of petitioning the Governor to lend assistance to the authorities of the county in unravelling the mystery. Many of the prominent men in the borough, as well as influential farmers living in the surrounding country, favor the scheme, and the field seems ripe for the movement to be made. If the action be taken it is not to be construed as a reflection upon Prosecutor Jenkins, but rather to strengthen his hands.



FRANK LINGO NONFLUSHED.

One of the things that suggested the arrest of Lingo was the fact that his name had been connected with the murder of Annie Leoney a year ago, the story of which appeared in these columns.

On the 9th of September, 1889, Miss Annie Leoney, the niece and housekeeper of Chauncy Leoney, was found lying on the kitchen floor, her throat cut from ear to ear.

She was a plump and pretty young woman and had been housekeeper, or rather maid of all work, for her uncle for a number of years. She had risen at five that morning, as usual, and had made the breakfast for Leoney and his help, and then her uncle, with a colored man, had gone into the field to work, and stayed there, so they said, until a little child had come and told them that Annie was dead upon the floor. The two men hastened in from the melon field where they were at work and saw a sight to freeze the blood.

The murdered woman lay on her back, her clothing torn and disarranged, as if she had fought valiantly for life—perhaps for honor. Her head was almost severed from the trunk, and under the chin was a slight stab wound cutting through the skin, but little more, which showed that the instrument of death had been a sharp knife and not a razor.

Two hundred dollars which she had in the house, a portion of her wages, which, as was afterward shown, had been doled out to her in niggardly fashion by her uncle, who was several hundreds in arrears, had been stolen, but there were strong evidences that this was not the chief motive of her killing.

At once, as if by instinct, there was a call for Francis Lingo. He bore a reputation which at once placed him under suspicion. The scent of State prison hung about him. A nameless terror on the part of women had accompanied him wherever he went, and though no clean cut stories were told about him there were ugly rumors in connection with his name that made him at once an object of suspicion.

DON'T FAIL TO SEND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR OUR elegant 328-page illustrated catalogue of sporting, gymnasium, theatrical and other goods. Over 1,000 illustrations. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Where was Lingo? He had engaged to work for Farmer Leoney that morning, and had left his house to go to Leoney's. Why had he halted on the way? He was quickly found, not a ten minutes' walk away, on the farm of John Star.

And yet it was proven that Lingo was guiltless. Chauncy Leoney, the uncle, suddenly disappeared after the murder. He was found in Waverly, O., arrested, came back to Camden without a requisition, placed on trial and was acquitted.

Thus two murders in the same county remain, as we go to press, mysteries, and both were laid at the same man's door.

Many of those in authority and the detectives claim to be able to prove that Lingo killed Mrs. Miller. They have evidence in reserve which will be laid before the court when the proper time comes.

A BUFFALONIAN DESPERADO.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Frank Miller, a widower, and father of five children, recently attempted to murder Mrs. Kurtz, his housekeeper, and then blow out his own brains at his house in Buffalo, N. Y. Miller has had frequent quarrels with the woman of late. On the day of the tragedy, Miller entered the house and began abusing Mrs. Kurtz. She endeavored to leave the house when Miller drew a revolver and fired four shots into the woman. One bullet struck her in the face, one in the neck, one bullet went in the side and passed entirely through the body, and there was also a mark on one hand that looked very much like a bullet wound.

The woman, shrieking, broke away and rushed into the yard, closely followed by Miller, who drew a knife and attempted to cut her throat, when she threw up her hand and received a severe gash across the palm. She managed to stagger across the street to the yard of a neighbor, when she fell exhausted and knew nothing more until she was at the hospital.

Miller then fired a bullet into his own head. It is thought that he will live, but the woman is fatally wounded.

SENIORS VS. JUNIORS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About two weeks ago the senior girls of the Ohio Wesleyan University of Delaware, Ohio, ordered Oxford caps as a class insignia. The juniors heard of it and also ordered some which arrived before those ordered by the senior class. Not to be outdone by their rivals, the seniors stole a number of the caps from the juniors and wore them to chapel. The junior girls also wore what caps they had left. As the two classes left the chapel a fight ensued between them for the possession of the caps. The girls fought like tigers and were cheered on by the boys. But for the interference of the seminary authorities, the affair would have culminated in an overwhelming defeat of the seniors.

THE INIMITABLE AND ONLY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this week's issue we publish a portrait of Patsey Doody, the 125-pound amateur champion boxer of America. Mr. Doody, who resides in this city, is a manager, actor, wrestler, boxer and all-round athlete, and is one of the youngest and handsomest sporting men in the country. He is the backer of Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, and others, and is perhaps better known as the senior partner in the variety business firm of Doody and Daly, now touring the country. Mr. Doody is versatile and has composed many pleasant and catchy songs. Among his friends he is known as "the inimitable and only Doody."

THE AMERICAN HERCULES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Fred Paulsen is one of the strongest men in the United States, and is, therefore, named the American Hercules. Among his many feats of strength is that of snapping the links of heavy chains by pulling them apart, severing them as if they were knotted threads. We present the portrait of the American Hercules elsewhere in these columns this week.

AN ENGLISH PUGILIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Ed White, the English pugilist, whose portrait appears in this issue, is well known in pugilistic and sporting circles in London, England. He has engaged in numerous contests with varied results. He has a host of admirers, and is very popular with sporting men.

SPOT IS A DANDY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Spot, the well-known fighting dog, which appears in this issue, shows one of the best fighting dogs in America at 28 pounds. Spot is owned by a well-known sporting man on Long Island. Spot's last victory was at Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

A NOTED SPORT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Joe Vickers, the sporting man, whose portrait appears in this issue, is well-known throughout England. He has a host of friends, and his shrewd, good-looking face is often seen at the great race meetings and other sporting events.

A. O. WHITTINGTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere appears an excellent portrait of Mr. A. O. Whittington, the general secretary of the South Australian Jockey Club, of Adelaide, S. A. Mr. Whittington beside being a well-known sport is also famous as an inventor, having originated many useful articles.

TIRED OF THE WORLD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Hayes, wife of Dr. Charles C. Hayes, drowned herself in the Neponset river, Mass., recently. The body was recovered near the village of Neponset. It will be taken to Madison, Wis., where the father of the deceased resides. No cause is assigned for the act.

JACK NAPOLEON, JR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Napoleon, Jr., whose portrait appears in this issue, is one of the best fighting dogs at his weight—35 pounds. The dog is owned by Lyman Kaine, of Uniontown, Pa.

RING YE BELL GENTLY.

There's Crape On the Door of the Baseballists.

THE WINSOME PENNANT WINNERS.

The baseball season is ended. That is, it has climbed into its little coffin and been carried to its little grave, so far as the weeping and wailing on the part of the League. Players and Association mourners are concerned. The crape has been taken off the knob and the neighborhood has pulled its head back through the window and settled down to speculate as to next season's deaths.

The slamming of the hearse door was far from musical, even to the ears of the undertaker.

But the funeral is all over, just as hard, and the Brooklyn, of the National League, otherwise known as Byrne's Brooklyn Beasts Baseball Bangers; the Boston, of the Players' League, alias the Wicked Watters from Windyville, and the Louisville, of the



BROOKLYN (N. L.), BOSTON (P. L.), LOUISVILLE (A. A.).

American Association, yeelp the Lusty Lambers of the Leather, are sitting on the monument of fame with their fingers pointed heavenward, the while shouting: "We are the people."

Here's the record:

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE											
CLUBS.	Brooklyn	Chicago	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	Boston	New York	Cleveland	St. Louis	San Francisco	Games lost
Brooklyn	11	10	9	11	10	17	18	16	14	13	164
Chicago	10	11	10	11	10	18	18	17	16	14	164
Philadelphia	9	10	11	10	9	11	18	17	16	14	164
Pittsburgh	11	11	11	11	10	18	18	17	16	14	164
Cincinnati	10	10	11	11	11	18	18	17	16	14	164
Boston	17	18	18	18	18	18	18	17	16	14	164
New York	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	17	16	14	164
Cleveland	16	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	16	14	164
St. Louis	14	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	14	164
San Francisco	13	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	164
Games lost	45	55	55	55	55	57	58	58	58	58	113

THE PLAYERS' LEAGUE.										
CLUBS.	Boston.	Brooklyn.	New York.	Chicago.	Philadelphia.	Pittsburgh.	Cleveland.	St. Louis.	San Francisco.	Games lost.
Boston.	11	12	14	10	10	12	14	14	14	164
Brooklyn.	12	11	14	10	10	12	14	14	14	164
New York.	14	14	11	10	10	12	14	14	14	164
Chicago.	10	10	11	11	10	12	14	14	14	164
Philadelphia.	10	10	11	11	11	10	12	14	14	164
Pittsburgh.	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	164
Cleveland.	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	164
St. Louis.	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	164
San Francisco.	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	164
Games lost.	48	56	57	57	58	58	58	58	58	113

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.									
CLUBS.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Columbus.	Indianapolis.	Richmond.	Athletic.	Syracuse.	Baltimore.	Washington.
Louisville	10	7	7	12	11	17	14	16	16
St. Louis	7	10	8	8	12	13	10	16	16
Columbus	10	8	10	11	11	17	14	16	16
Indianapolis	12	8	11	10	11	17	14	16	16
Richmond	11	9	9	9	10	11	9	12	12
Athletic	17	12	10	6	7	8	10	12	12
Syracuse	14	10	7	9	4	8	8	12	12
Baltimore	16	16	8	8	7	6	4	8	8
Washington	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16
Games lost.	42	52	55	56	60	73	71	87	113

Now let us sit down and reason.

There isn't a baseball crank or tooter in the country but who will say:

"I told you so!"

I am not a tooter or a crank, but I told you so. By reference to the baseball columns of this paper for the past more or less months you will see that I predicted just what has occurred. I bet on it myself and am now waiting for a new hat, a pair of shoes and a schooner of beer I wagered against the artist on my left.

So much for the past. Now for the coming.

Let the pennant winners of the three associations wrestle for the world's championship.

I'll bet on the B—

PLAY BALL.

WALLOPED AN ALLEGED TRADUCER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sensational scene occurred recently in Washburn, Wis. Mrs. Logan and Mrs. James met Dr. Jacobs and proceeded to thrash him. The women charged the doctor with making remarks regarding their character. A horsewhip and pistol, it is reported, played important parts in the little drama. Later the two women cornered another man in the Eau Claire House and while one of them stood watch the other went for her husband. The husband appeared on the scene with a rifle, but was promptly disarmed. Justice Jacobs fined the latter woman and her husband.

HISTORY OF THE BENWELL MURDER IN THE WOODS of Canada. A tragedy that astonished two continents; with portraits of the principals. Mailed to any address on receipt of 50 cents.



SENIORS VS. JUNIORS.

GIRL STUDENTS OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY AT DELAWARE, OHIO, ENGAGE IN A FREE FIGHT.



A PLUCKY GIRL'S DEED.

MATTIE PINNICK, OF KANSAS CITY, MO., CAPTURES A BURGLAR AND SAVES HER EMPLOYER'S PROPERTY.



LOVERS CAUGHT BY PAPA.

FARMER MICHAEL HORST, OF GRAVEL HILL, PA., HAS AN EXCITING TIME PREVENTING HIS DAUGHTER FROM MARRYING ADAM MILLER, A NEIGHBOR.

FIGHTERS AND FISTICUFFS.

A Lively Mill In Sydney, New South Wales.

THE JAP'S A JIM DANDY.

JIMMY LYNCH KNOCKED OUT.

Joe Quinn, the Scotch champion, was tendered a benefit at Turn Hall, Greenpoint, L. I., on Sept. 29. Those who attended were well repaid by witnessing a first class mill. Jimmy Lynch, the 125-pound champion, who is matched to fight like Weir, the Belfast Spider, for \$2,500, and Frank Connelly, the trainer of the Standard Athletic Club, donned the gloves, and Lynch was certain that he could knock smuglers out of his opponent. Nearly every one present was of the same opinion.

On time being called the pugilists faced each other. Lynch acted as the aggressor, and landing heavily with his left on Connelly's face. Lynch again led but fell short, and Connelly got in two savage blows on his opponent's neck and face. Lynch then led with his left, but Connelly stopped the blow beautifully, and swinging his left heavily on Lynch's stomach, caused the latter to reel and almost fall. The round closed slightly in Connelly's favor.

In the second and what proved to be the last round Lynch started in to finish his man in quick order by leading with his left and landing heavily and following it with a well-directed right-hand swing. Despite the attack Connelly did not wince and remained cool. He waited until Lynch again led. By a clever move he avoided the blow, which was a vicious one, and sent out his left like a shot, catching Lynch on the left side of the jaw. The latter staggered for a moment and then fell heavily on his back a defeated man.

It took Connelly just 5 minutes, or one round and a half, to lay the redoubtable Lynch out, unconscious in the ring. Had a thunderbolt struck Turn Hall and laid it in ruins it would not have surprised the crowd which it sheltered more than did the defeat of Lynch, whom backers of fighters from Maine to California, with one exception, thought was without a peer in America. Men like Jack McCall, Jack Adler, Lynch's backer; Jimmy Stuart and scores of others stood dumfounded when Lynch collapsed. It was one of the biggest surprises witnessed in a long time in this vicinity.

The way in which Connelly finished Lynch was precisely the same as in that in which Frank Slavin shattered the ambitions of Joe McCall in their recent encounter.

A NEW SOUTH WALES FIGHT.

The great fistic encounter between George Dawson, of New South Wales, and Billy Maber, of Goulburn, for the light-weight championship of Australia was fought in the Sydney amateur club, N. B. W., on Aug. 18.

Even greater interest was taken in the contest than in the Dewey and Goddard affair. Long before 8 o'clock the hall was filled, among the audience being Members of Parliament and professional gentlemen, and altogether a most representative audience.

Referee Bloomfield announced that the contest was for the light-weight championship of Australia and the belt. The club would be prepared to match the winner against the next best man. Jim Burge said he was champion, and would fight the winner.

Maber arrived first, accompanied by his trainer, Jack Malone, and Jim Taylor. He was well received. George Dawson shortly after stepped into the ring with his trainer, Bateman, Charley Dunn and another.

ROUND 1—Maber was tall and lanky, and looked even more lengthy than he is. Both were in the pink of condition. Dawson was wearing a confident smile. A good deal of feinting and sparring brought a short lead from Maber. Just afterwards Dawson sent a right on the ribs. An exchange of lefts followed, then rights and lefts. Then Dawson got the right home nicely, followed by a fair left. Careful play followed, Maber's left being well stopped. Dawson countered again nicely with the left, following with a couple of light ones. He tried for the body, but a clinch resulted and corners were called.

Thus early Dawson had a lead.

ROUND 2—Maber got in short with the left on the body, Dawson a medium left. Maber tried two or three times, but Dawson was always too quick. Dawson got home with the left again a couple of times, but failed with the right. More left stabs by Dawson and the round closed.

"Ten to one on Dawson," was what his admirers then remarked.

ROUND 3—Maber rushed wildly, but Dawson ducked and got cleverly away. Maber placed his right and left on the body, then a clinch. Dawson got in more left stabs, Maber being quite bothered. Just afterwards Dawson got in a right that dashed Maber, who was forced back on the ropes. But Dawson did not follow up the advantage.

ROUND 4—Dawson was inclined to force the game. Maber tried with his right, but did not get there. Dawson sent in a beautiful left shot twice, and then some clinching and wrestling followed. Maber's right was too slow twice, and then he stabbed with his left, but got it back heavily. Maber tried a rush, but did not succeed.

ROUND 5—After a lot of feinting and sparring Dawson stabbed with his left. Maber's return being short and his defense wild. Dawson's left cheek showed first blood from a scratch. Both steadied down to the close.

ROUND 6—Maber led first, but short, and left countering followed. Dawson then shot in right and left, and got it back almost as good. Light left exchanges closed the round.

ROUND 7—After exchanges with the left, Dawson just missed with an ugly right, while Maber was not more fortunate. The latter rushed forward, but Dawson escaped cleverly and stabbed with the left a couple of times. He got his right home on the ribs, followed by a couple of flush lefts. Both swung right and left wildly as the gong sounded the retreat.

The pace was already falling, but Maber shaped better than at first.

ROUND 8—Dawson made the pace. Maber, though keeping clear of the right, could not avoid the left stabs, and a mouse appeared near the left eye. At close quarters Dawson landed right and left on the ribs. Then the gong sounded.

ROUND 9—Maber led with the left, and sent the right on the side of the head, for which he received a right on the lower ribs and some short ones. Left exchanges followed, Dawson getting in cleanest and oftenest. Maber made several wild lunges, but George was far away.

ROUND 10—Dawson's left reached the spot repeatedly, to which he added the right on the ribs, Maber's replies being always wild. Several times Maber with his long left pushed the other back, but could not do much damage.

ROUND 11—Maber sent in a fair straight left, but Dawson's guard was almost impregnable. Dawson peppered away at the ribs, and sent home the right a little too high. Clinches and light hitting followed. Dawson's lips showing the claret. Just in time Maber shot over the mark with a left that would have done a lot of damage.

ROUND 12—Maber went up strong and willing. He sent home a fair right. Dawson replied with left jobs and a right in the wind. Just afterwards Maber grazed the jaw with a right. Dawson plucked away left and right; but Maber did not seem to mind much, and replied with a right in the wind at the close of the round.

ROUND 13—Right and left slogging opened the round, but mostly clinches resulted, and out of one both rolled on the floor. Dawson rushed, but could never get the right on to the spot. Maber stabbed him twice heavily with the left, and made the blood fly. They were at it hammer and tongs till both rolled over.

ROUND 14—Maber went in very determinedly, but missing and clinching resulted. The long fellow stabbed with his left, while Dawson pegged away at the ribs. Dawson here began to look very groggy, when all at once he sent in the right on to Maber's jaw. Following it up, he forced his man down. By the time the 15 seconds were up corners were called.

ROUND 15—The contest was now more interesting. Both stood up to their work. Dawson sent a left home on the face and body. He tried the right repeatedly, but only clinches resulted. Then Maber rushed with a pretty fair right. Dawson again and again missed the fatal spot. There was little in it at the close.

ROUND 16—Maber slipped twice, but did not take his allowance. He fell very weak and Dawson bought him to the boards twice. He took his allowance each time, and stood up gamely, only to go down again. Another 10 seconds and he tried hard again, but was on the boards a fourth time as corners were called.

George Dawson is twenty-two years of age and a native of New South Wales. He stands 5 feet 7½ inches, and scaled at noon when stripped a stone 9 pound.

Billy Maber is a native of Goulburn, New South Wales, is twenty-three years old, and turned the scale at a stone 9 pound. He measures 5 feet 8½ inches.

BOWE WON BY A FOUL.

A rattling mill was fought in London, Eng., recently, between Sam Bowman and Charley Rowe for 250. The fight was well contested up to the sixth round. In the latter round Bowman dashed his left at the face, but was stopped, but returning to the attack, planted his left fair in the pit of his opponent's stomach, and swung his right on the ear. The pair now got together, a sharp rally ending in Rowe falling to the boards, and before he could rise, and to the great surprise of everybody present, Bowman turned himself and deliberately punched his opponent in the neck. This gave rise naturally to great excitement, especially as at the time Bowman appeared to have victory in his grasp, but as soon as quiet was restored the referee disqualified Bowman for the foul, and declared Rowe the winner.

Sam Bowman hails from Old Ford, stands 5 feet 4½ inches in height, and weighed that evening 8 stone 4 pound. He is little more than a novice at the business, having only been boxing the last twelve months, but during that time he has defeated Tom Kendall, of Old Ford, three times in 6-round contests, and has also beaten Tom Hughes of the same place, in a 4-round go, March, 1896, since which time he has done nothing of consequence.

Charley Rowe, like his opponent, also hails from Old Ford. He is nineteen years of age, stands 5 feet 5 inches in height, and weighed that night 9 stone 1 pound. He commenced boxing two years since under the tuition of Flynn, soon after which he made his mark by defeating PUNCH Bailey, of Old Ford, in the old style, the battle lasting 1 hour 30 minutes (17 rounds). After this he won a stone 6 pound competition in Old Ford, beating Bill Gurnick in the final, but the last named shortly afterwards had his revenge, and defeated his conqueror in a 6-round contest. Rowe then beat Bob Hill, of Mile End, in one round, his last encounter taking place three months ago, when he beat Tom Hughes, of Old Ford, in 2 rounds.

THE JAP'S A DANDY.

At the Golden Gate Athletic Club, at Ogden, Utah, on Sept. 29, Matsuda Sorakichi, the Japanese champion, defeated Quinn, the wrestler, after an exciting bout. The Jap took two of the three falls, although at times it was evident that he was but a straw in the grasp of his powerful antagonist.

Bishop Cone, a wrestler of some repute in the East, had run over to Ogden to accept the proposition made by the Jap to throw him in 15 minutes. The latter was weighing 157 pounds and the Ogden man 300. With his adversary entirely on the defensive, the little man with the olive skin found it difficult to secure a hold, and it was several minutes before Cone went to the matting. Cone hugged this like a leech, and fourteen minutes had expired when the Jap got a hammer lock and was slowly but surely turning him to a fall when time was called. Ed Kelley, who had been summoned to the chair as master of ceremonies, awarded the result to the candidate, and Cone departed \$100 winner. Cone showed himself a very plucky fellow, and was cordially congratulated by the Ogden delegation who had come down.

FIELD MEETING OF THE N. Y. ATHLETIC CLUB.

At Travers Island, N. Y., on Oct. 4, the New York Athletic Club held a field meeting. The games were under the direction of W. B. Curtis. A large crowd was present. During the sports George R. Gray put the 12-pound shot 53 feet 11 inches, which performance beats the best on record by 1 foot 9 inches. A. B. George, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, won the mile run, showing splendid form. L. C. Lewis, of the Schuylkill Navy, gave the athletes a surprise by beating A. A. Jordan and H. L. Williams in the race over high hurdles. The following is the summary of each event:

ONE HUNDRED YARDS RUN (one heat)—Won by R. C. Fisher, Jr., N. Y. A. C.; time, 10 1/8 seconds; F. W. Robertson, N. Y. A. C., second; F. M. Kelly, Acorn A. C., third.

FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY YARDS RUN (one heat)—Won by A. W. B. Cochrane, N. Y. A. C.; time, 2 1/2 seconds; G. J. Bradley, N. Y. A. C., second; A. J. Murburg, Pastime A. C., third.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YARDS HURDLE RACE (over 2-foot 6-inch hurdles)—First heat: Won by L. C. Lewis, A. C. of Schuylkill Navy, time, 16 1/4 seconds; A. A. Jordan, N. Y. A. C., second. Second heat: Won by H. D. Williams, Yale College and N. Y. A. C., time, 17 1/4 seconds; C. Puffer, N. Y. A. C., second. Final heat: Won by L. C. Lewis, time, 16 3/4 seconds; B. L. Williams, second; A. A. Jordan, third.

TWO-MILE BICYCLE RACE (ordinary)—Won by W. F. Murphy, N. Y. A. C.; time, 6 minutes 5 1/4 seconds; F. H. Tuttle, N. Y. A. C., second; A. B. Rich, N. Y. A. C., third.

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY YARDS RUN (in heats)—First heat: Won by W. H. Morgan, New Jersey A. C., time, 23 1/4 seconds; F. W. Robertson, New York A. C., second. Second heat: Won by W. B. Cochrane, New York A. C., time, 23 1/4 seconds; M. P. Halpin, New Jersey A. C., second. Final heat: Won by F. W. Robertson, time, 23 1/4 seconds; A. W. S. Cochrane, second; R. C. Fisher, Jr., third.

ONE MILE RUN—Won by A. B. George, Manhattan A. C.; time, 4 minutes 10 1/4 seconds; W. McCarthy, Manhattan A. C., second; E. Hjortberg, New Jersey A. C., third.

TWO MILE BICYCLE RACE (Safety)—Won by Hoyland Smith, New York A. C., time, 6 minutes 1 1/2 seconds; W. F. Murphy, N. Y. A. C., second; C. M. Murphy, N. Y. A. C., third.

PUTTING THE SIXTEEN POUND SHOT—Won by George R. Gray, New York A. C., distance, 45 feet; E. J. Glanville, New York A. C., second, distance, 39 feet 8 inches; J. S. Mitchell, New York A. C., third, distance, 38 feet 10 inches.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP—Won by A. Nickerson, New York City; height, 5 feet 9 inches; R. E. Pritchard, Manhattan A. C., second; height, 5 feet 8 inches; H. L. Hallack, Manhattan A. C., third, height, 5 feet 6 inches.

THROWING THE SIXTEEN-POUND WEIGHT—Won by J. S. Mitchell, New York Athletic Club; distance, 29 feet 1 inch; M. O'Sullivan, New Jersey, second, distance, 26 feet 2 inches.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP—Won by C. T. Wiegand, New York Athletic Club, distance, 21 feet 10 inches; A. A. Jordan, New York Athletic Club, second, distance, 21 feet 5 inches; L. C. Lewis, Athletic Club Schuylkill Navy, third, distance, 21 feet 5 inches.

THROWING THE SIXTEEN POUND HAMMER—Won by J. S. Mitchell, New York Athletic Club; distance, 131 feet 9 inches; M. O'Sullivan, New Jersey Athletic Club, second, distance 107 feet 11 inches; F. L. Lambrecht, Manhattan Athletic Club, third, distance, 103 feet 8 inches.

POLE VAULT.—A. A. Jordan, New York Athletic Club, and E. D. Ryder, New York Athletic Club, tied at 10 feet. Jordan won the toss. F. A. Cooper, Manhattan Athletic Club, and George Casey, New Jersey Athletic Club, tied for third with 9 feet 6 inches. Casey won the toss.

HALF MILE RUN—Won by A. B. George, Manhattan Athletic Club, time, 2 minutes 35 seconds; C. Marks, second, H. H. Moral, New Jersey Athletic Club, third.

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-YARD HURDLE RACE (final heat)—Won by H. L. Williams, time, 21 1/2 seconds; L. C. Lewis, Athletic Club Schuylkill Navy, second, F. C. Puffer, New Jersey Athletic Club, third.

OBSTACLE RACE—Won by J. H. Bell, New York Athletic Club, F. M. Hartshorne, second; C. P. Wiegand, third.

ELEGANT CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS—Send a two-cent stamp to cover postage for our catalogue of portraits of prominent actresses and actors and sporting men. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

THE SPORTIVE SEASON.

Plenty of Entertainment For Friends of Athletes.

ITEMS GREAT AND SMALL.

Chas. Wymore, of Holdridge, Neb., a well-known sporting man, lost nearly \$5,000 on Joe McCall's defeat by Frank P. Slavin.

Ed Skinner, the well-known sprinter, writes that he has not been running in New Jersey, and that some one has been tampering on the public by using his name.

George Young, of London, Eng., the well-known light-weight pugilist, has returned from his summer vacation and re-opened his boxing class at the Syndicate Boxing Club, at Yonkers, N. Y., and also his class in St. John's College.

The single-scull race between John Teemer, of McKeessport, Pa., and Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, both ex-champion rowers, was rowed at East Liverpool, Ohio, on Oct. 2. The race was for a purse of \$1,000. Teemer won easily.

A. A. Zimmerman, of the N. J. A. C., and W. W. Taxis, of the A. C. S. N., broke the world's 2-mile tandem bicycle record, on Sept. 30, on the Lancaster turnpike near Philadelphia. They covered the distance in 14 minutes 22 seconds, breaking the best previous record by 15 seconds.

Sam Bittle, the champion middle-weight pugilist of Canada, was married recently to the only daughter of a millionaire in Canada. Bittle will now lay by the dumbbells, Indian clubs and gloves, having made his final match. It is needless to state that the popular young pugilist's last match will not end in smoke.

The single-scull race at Newburg, on the Hudson, N. Y., on Sept. 27, between James A. Donoghue and Daniel Carroll was won by the former. Donoghue gained the lead at the start and was never headed, winning by 15 lengths in 16 minutes. The course was one mile with a turn. District Attorney M. H. Hirschberg was referee.

At Dayton, Ohio, recently Dick Moore, of St. Paul, and Larry Brown, of Cincinnati, fought a desperate six-round glove contest. Brown broke his right hand in the second round, but pluckily continued the fight until the end of the sixth round, when he exclaimed: "I'm done." Moore won the \$500 purse and 75 per cent. of the gate receipts.

A female rifle club has been organized at Butte City, Mont. It has a membership of twenty young ladies who are experts with the rifle. The club is named the Miss Annie Oakley Rifle Club, in honor of the "Police Gazette" female champion rifle shot, Miss Annie Oakley. It is the first ladies rifle shooting club ever organized in this country.

The patrons of the Continental Hotel on Broad street, Newark, N. J., will be pleased to learn that extensive improvements have been made in the hotel. The dining room has been greatly enlarged and the entire place has been put in first-class order. Mr. L. E. Cooke, who recently acquired the controlling interest in the proprietorship, intends to make it one of the best hotels in New Jersey.

On Sept. 30 Harry Gilmore, champion light-weight of Canada, and James McHale, of Philadelphia, fought before the Twin City Athletic Club, at Minneapolis, for a purse of \$500. McHale had the better of the fight up to the end of the tenth round, when Gilmore claimed his left arm had been injured and refused to continue the contest. The purse was given to McHale. The fight was to have been to a finish.

Jim Corbett, of the Olympic Club, has been offered a \$5,000 purse for a limited round battle with Jake Kilrain before the members of the Metropolitan Club, of New Orleans. Regarding the offer Corbett says: "I can do nothing until May 1st, next, when my contract with the Olympic Club expires. Then I will not let a good offer pass, and especially with Kilrain, who I believe I whipped fairly in our contest in New Orleans some months ago."

Arrangements have been completed by cable for the meeting of F. Ter Jackson and Frank P. Slavin in the rooms of the Melbourne Athletic Club within the next six months. A purse of \$2,000 has been guaranteed, and Jack Dougherty has lodged a deposit in Melbourne in behalf of Slavin, who readily accepted Jackson's challenge. A stipulation was made that the fight be arranged for such a time as will not prevent Slavin's presence in England to receive any sentence that may be imposed on him in connection with his recent Ormoude Club battle.

A special from St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 27 says: An attempt was to have been made to have a prize fight in St. Paul, Pat Killen, of this city, and Joe Sheehy, of Ashland, Wis., having signed to fight under "Police Gazette" rules for the championship of the North-West and percentage of the gate money. Sheehy claimed that he was not allowed to place a man in the box office to look after his interest, and refused to fight. The forfeit money is held back pending a decision as to who is responsible for the fracas. As Killen claims he never refused to let Sheehy's man in the box office.

The "Sporting Life," London, England, recently published the following: "At the Ormoude Club last evening the 'Police Gazette' champion boxing gloves provided for Frank Slavin and Joe McCall to fight with by Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the National Police Gazette, and manufactured in America, were submitted for approval by Pat Fry. All present admired them very much, and unanimously pronounced them to be far and away the best seen in England. Mr. Plesso and Mr. Parsons were at variance with regard to Frank Slavin's selection, but after a pleasant debate upon the subject they disposed of the issue with the remark that they were beautifully made and a credit to the country from whence they came."

The following special was received at this office:

RAG HARBOR, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1896.

The Gaselle Hosiery Company No. 1, of Sag Harbor, N. Y., hereby challenges Tiger Hosiery Company No. 2, of Long Island City, N. Y., to run 500 yards, lay 300 feet of hose, break coupling and screw on pipe, for a purse of \$5,000. Race to be run at Patchogue, L. I., inside of two weeks from date; each company to run with their own carriage; State tournament rules to govern; 25 per cent. of purse to be posted as forfeit with Richard K. Fox on acceptance and balance to be placed in his hand 48 hours previous to the race. Signed, ARTHUR T. BROWN, Foreman Gaselle Hosiery Co. No. 1.

The fistic battle between Johnny Murphy and George Dixon promises to be an obstinate encounter and one on which a large sum of money will be wagered. Dixon has gained considerable fame by his contests in this country, notably his long draw with Cal McCarthy, but his victory over England's champion gave him his present great prestige. In Murphy, however, Dixon will find a far different kind of an opponent than the overrated Nunc Wallace. He is not up against an Englishman this time, but an Irish-American who can fight, and has proved it. If Murphy remains cool, and follows the advice of his handlers, the battle between the red-haired youth and the colored lad will be one of the most interesting ever witnessed. Already the battle is creating a furor, and sporting men of this city are going to attend and back the Boston Boy.

A mill was fought at Wichita, Kansas, on Sept. 24, between Billy Morris and Paddy Shea. Shea weighed 155 pounds, and was seconded by Jack Donaldson. Morris weighed 180 pounds, and was seconded by Girard and Jett. According to articles of agreement Shea was to knock out Morris in ten rounds, "Police Gazette" rules to govern, with skin-tight gloves, or forfeit \$100 and all gate money. Will Claitor was chosen referee, and the ring was pitched in an ice house near the city. When everything seemed in readiness for the mill the sheriff appeared and threatened to arrest the principals if skin-tight gloves were used. After a good deal of wrangling six-ounce gloves were agreed to, but some were at hand, and it was necessary to send back to the city. This disgusted the spectators and some of them left. Finally the gloves arrived. The men stripped and time was called. The men hammered each other

around the ring, mixed with a good deal of clinching without even drawing blood. First and only knockdown was allowed Shea in the sixth round. Ten rounds were fought in 40 minutes, and Morris was declared the winner, as Shea failed to defeat him as per agreement.

CANADIAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

The following is a full report of the Canadian amateur championship games, held at Montreal, Can., in which American athletes from New York gave the English athletes such a Waterloo. Summary:

ONE HUNDRED-YARD RUN—John Owen, Detroit Athletic Club, 10 1/5 seconds; L. Carey, Manhattan Athletic Club, second. (The Canadian championship record of 1895—10 1/5 seconds—was made by A. F. Copeland, M. A. C., in Toronto). In the first heat Owen won in 10 1/5 seconds, and in the second Carey won in the same time.

PUTTING SIXTEEN POUND SHOT—George R. Gray, New York Athletic Club, 43 feet 7 1/2 inches, and A. J. Queckbörner, Manhattan Athletic Club, 39 feet 6 1/2 inches. (Canadian champion record of 1895, G. R. Gray, 43 feet 7 1/2 inches, in Toronto).

POLE VAULT—A. A. Jordan, New York Athletic Club, 10 feet 4 inches; E. D. Ryder, New York Athletic Club, 9 feet 7 inches. (Canadian championship record, 1887, A. T. Ray, of Uverston, Eng., 10 feet 11 inches, in Toronto).

TWO-MILE RUN.—T. P. Conneff, Manhattan Athletic Club, 9 minutes 34 1/2 seconds; W. H. Morton, Salford Harriers, England, second. (Canadian championship record, 1887, E. C. Carter, New York Athletic Club, 9 minutes 53 1/5 seconds, Toronto). In this race there were five starters, Morton, Day, Conneff, Young and Finley, but Finley soon dropped out. The mile was done in 4 minutes, 40 1/4 seconds. Day also dropped out. Conneff was well in the lead at the finish.

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY YARDS RUN—John Owens, Jr., Detroit A. C., 23 1/2 seconds; F. F. Carr, Manhattan A. C., second (Canadian championship record, A. F. Copeland, Manhattan A. C., 23 1/2 seconds, Toronto).

THROWING FIFTY SIX POUND WEIGHT—J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 30 feet 6 1/2 inches; C. A. J. Queckbörner, 29 feet 3 1/2 inches. (Canadian championship record, 1895, J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 30 feet 6 inches, Toronto). Queckbörner afterward made an exhibition throw of 33 feet 6 inches, outside the ring.

THREE MILE WALK—C. L. Nichol, N. Y. A. C., 23 minutes 18 1/4 seconds; E. D. Lange, M. A. C., second. (Canadian championship record, 1889, C. L. Nichol, 23 minutes 41 1/2 seconds, in Toronto). This race was practically between Lange and Nichol, the only other contestant being a French Canadian named Mignault. The men kept well together till the last lap, when Nichol forged ahead and came in a winner. The second mile was done in 14 minutes 42 1/2 seconds and the third mile in 23 minutes 14 1/2 seconds.

HALF-MILE RUN—W. C. Downs, M. A. C., 1 minute 59 1/2 seconds; J. S. Roddy, N. Y. A. C., second (championship record, 1888, J. W. Moffatt, M. A. C., 1 minute 59 1/2 seconds, in Montreal). George dropped out of the race. The contest was between Downs and Roddy, and Downs won by a foot, beating the record by an eighth of a second.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP—R. K. Pritchard, M. A. C., 5 feet 8 inches; C. T. Wiegand, N. Y. A. C., 5 feet 7 inches, second (Canadian championship record, 1887, W. B. Page, M. A. C., 5 feet 7 1/2 inches, Toronto).

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YARD HURDLE—A. F. Copeland, Manhattan A. C., 16 seconds; H. L. Williams, N. Y. A. C., 16 seconds; a dead heat. Copeland was put back a yard. This was run over and Williams won in 16 seconds, Copeland again being put back. (Canadian championship record, 1887, A. A. Jordan, N. Y. A. C., 16 1/2 seconds, Toronto). The first trial heat was between Copeland and Jordan and the second between Dulhorne and Williams. Copeland won the first and Williams the second in 16 1/2 seconds.

THROWING SIXTEEN POUND HAMMER—J. S. Mitchell, New York A. C., 127 feet 11 inches; C. A. J. Queckbörner, Manhattan A. C., 120 feet 6 inches. (Canadian championship record, 1888, W. L. Condon, New York A. C., 109 feet 8 inches, Toronto).

FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY YARD RUN—M. Remington, M. A. C., 50 1/5 seconds; W. C. Downs, N. Y. A. C., second. (Canadian championship record, J. S. Robertson, M. A. C., 41 1/2 seconds, in Montreal). There were six entries and the race was exceedingly close. Waldron, of Montreal, led up to the last 100 yards, when Remington and Downs passed him.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP—A. A. Jordan, N. Y. A. C., 31 feet 3 1/2 inches; C. T. Wiegand, N. Y. A. C., 31 feet 2 1/2 inches. (Canadian championship record, 1888, M. W. Ford, S. I. A. C., 32 feet 7 1/2 inches, Toronto).

BOXING IN THE ACORN ATHLETIC CLUB.

The Acorn Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who have many clever boxers among their members, held their final bouts in the boxing tournament at the Casino, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Oct. 4. About three thousand spectators were present. The winners were:

B. McMullin, of the West Side A. C., in the 115-pound class; Sam Kelly, of the Excelsior A. C., in the 160-pound class; Jerry Sullivan, of the Clinton A. C., in the 185-pound class, and J. McMahon, of the West Side A. C., in the 198-pound class.

In the final bout of the 115-pound class James Watson, of the Catholic Club, of Paterson, N. J., and B. McMullin, of the West Side Athletic Club, fought. The judges gave the first bout and prize to McMullin. The second prize, which should have been given to Watson, was withheld, as the Acorns protested him on the ground that he sparring a week against all comers at the Knickerbocker Garden, Hoboken.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE POUND CLASS—The competitors were Samuel Kelly, of the Excelsior A. C., and Joe Jimbalbo, of the National A. C. The judges awarded Kelly the bout and first prize. The winner was loudly cheered.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE POUND CLASS—The competitors were Jerry Sullivan, of the Clinton A. C., and Burke, of the Nonpareil A. C. The former got the decision.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR POUND CLASS—J. McMahon, of the West Side A. C., defeated his club mate, Jack Van Houten, after three good rounds.

NEW JERSEY OARSMEN.

The regatta of the Triton Boat Club of Newark, N. J., was held on the Passaic River on Oct. 4. The course was 280 yards. There was a large attendance. The following are the events and the winners:

DOUBLE-SCULL RACE—Dr. J. S. Vincent, bow; George H. Bird, stroke.

PAIR OARED GIG RACE—A. Graham, bow; H. C. Havell, stroke; C. S. Dodd, coxswain.

FOUR OARED SHELL RACE—Charles Wills, bow; D. R. Ward, 3; G. H. Bird, 3, and G. E. Gifford, stroke.

TOURNAMENT IN FLAT BOTTOM BOATS, between Massey, Miller and D. R. Ward, with brooms. Miller won in the sixth boat.

FOUR OARED GIG RACE—H. C. Rommel, bow; H. C. Havell, 2; A. Graham, 3; C. Wills, stroke, and A. J. Massey, coxswain.

SIX OARED GIG

SLAVIN IS THE CHAMPION.

Who Will Now Attack His Title?
—A View of the Battle.

ED. HANLAN AND GAUDAUR.

Now that Frank P. Slavin has won the championship of the world, the question is, who is going to dispute his title, or who will challenge him to battle for it? There is no man in England who possesses the stamina and hard-hitting powers, or who is able to successfully combat with the sturdy, courageous Australian. Even in Australia there is no pugilist who would stand any chance of conquering Slavin; unless it is Peter Jackson, and I have no faith in Jackson's prowess to conquer Slavin. This is simply because when Jackson was in England and Slavin challenged him, Jackson refused to arrange any match, claiming that he was under the management of the California Athletic Club. Jackson's unwillingness to meet Slavin when they were both in the same country impresses me with the idea that Jackson was not flattered with a conviction that he could defeat Slavin, or he would never have left England with Slavin's dead staring him in the face and \$500 behind it to back it up.

In America there are several heavy-weight pugilists. They are John L. Sullivan, Ed Smith, Pat Kilian, Jake Kilrain, Patsy Carroll and James Corbett. Sullivan still affixes champion to his name, and no one can find any fault for his doing so, for he has never been defeated. He has retired from the ring and turned a Theophrastus, so there is no prospect at present of his throwing down the gauntlet and representing America, his native land, in an internationalistic struggle.

If Sullivan would consent to stop the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" championship belt going to Australia, and come out flat-footed and challenge the Australian, he would be hailed a genuine hero. He would be backed for a fortune by one gentleman, who would, if he won, give him the whole of the stake money, no matter how large the amount depending on the result. Even if he lost, he would receive quite a consideration. But the idea of John L. Sullivan being beaten by Frank P. Slavin looks out of the question if he was properly trained and Sullivan set his foot right down to do his best to train to the hour for the contest.

Judging by the way Joe McLaughlin buffeted and outfigured the Australian during the first round of their recent struggle, one would suppose that if Sullivan had been in front of Slavin instead of the big, good natured McLaughlin, the prize ring championship would still be in America. Sullivan is a two-handed fighter, and Slavin, judging from the official reports of the recent international struggle, is not a first-class left-hand pugilist, and if Sullivan could stall off the Australian's right hand he could whip him.

Sullivan has had three important prize ring encounters in which he was backed for stake money. The first battle was with Paddy Ryan in February, 1889, for \$5,000 a side and the championship. Sullivan won in a gallop, but there were so many interested in his stake money that, outside the prestige of winning the championship, Sullivan received very little for the victory and the severe training he went through. Sullivan's next regular match was for \$5,000 a side, with Charley Mitchell. The battle was fought in France in March, 1888, and Sullivan was badly manured, and the affair ending in a draw, he made very little out of it.

Sullivan's last battle was with Jake Kilrain for \$10,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the championship of the world. It was one of the most important battles ever fought and created intense interest in all parts of the world. Sullivan won the fight, and with the large amount of stakes and his share of the excursion money he should have received a large dividend, but he did not. So many had their fingers in the pie that the champion only received Jacob's mass of postage compared with what he should have received. If Kilrain had won he would have received his full share of the excursion money, the \$1,000 that was bet in the ring and the whole of the stakes, which was guaranteed him.

Sullivan has always been one of the most successful of all the heavy-weight champion pugilists who have flourished as champions during the past three decades, but with one or two exceptions he has had managers who studied their own interest far more than they did the champion's. This is my opinion. Sullivan now has an opportunity to make a champion whose victory in the prize ring has made his name famous in all parts of the world, and who is looked upon as invincible by the masses of sporting men in England and Australia.

If Sullivan desires to meet this new champion, and is not afraid, he need not have a score or two of men backing him or managing him. One alone will fill the gap and put up \$25,000 for him to meet the Australian, and if Sullivan is fortunate enough to win he will receive the whole of the stakes. Sullivan's chances of defeating Slavin look very, very good, but if the American representative agrees to meet the Australian there is the prospect of his winning a fortune. Sullivan, it is well-known, is an actor now, and he has made his mark notwithstanding the fact that he has not had much experience. He will no doubt make money, but nothing like the fortune he can make by eight weeks training and one hour battling with the gloves in a combat with Slavin. After he fought Slavin he could still be an actor and draw twice as big houses as he is doing now.

America deserves and deserves a representative champion pugilist to meet the Australian champion. The latter is ready and eager for the fray, and claims he would sooner meet Sullivan than any man living. The eyes of the whole sporting world are eagerly watching to see if Sullivan will attempt to do what the Prince of Wales failed in doing, meet Slavin and conquer him. Every American looks upon Sullivan as a pugilistic idol, he is the popular gladiator of the times, and he has gained their favor by heroic battles in the prize ring. Will Sullivan accept the offer to back him against Slavin is the momentous question in every one's mouth.

Sullivan has an idea that the offer is genuine. A tree is judged by its fruit. The sporting public are well aware, if Sullivan is not, that all prior offers that have been made have been carried out to the letter. In this instance they are also aware that if America's representative pugilist will resume the place of the defeated champion and agree to meet Slavin the match will be speedily arranged and the agreement carried out. Sullivan, it is well known, is under contract for a specified term; that would not stop the ratification of a match which could be arranged to take place in six months.

If Sullivan does not agree to pick up the gauntlet the Australian has thrown down Slavin will return to Australia the champion of the world unless Jake Kilrain finds some one to back him against Slavin, and that is doubtful, for Kilrain, since he was defeated by Sullivan and then by James Corbett has not made an effort to regain his prestige. He has stated he would like to meet Sullivan but he was well aware that Sullivan's hands were tied by a theatrical contract at the time.

James Corbett, styled "the California Wonder," was also eager to challenge Sullivan but there is very little likelihood of their ever coming together in the ring. Corbett is a tall, well built, powerful athlete, a clever boxer, and no doubt thoroughly game. He had an idea when he was on this side of the Rocky Mountains that he could thrash any man in the world with gloves. If he has not changed his mind what a glorious opportunity now awaits him! He could challenge Frank P. Slavin, the champion, and if he succeeded in defeating him look at the fame, wealth and glory he could gain!

Taking a retrospective view of the recent battle between Frank P. Slavin and Joe McLaughlin, it is evident that Slavin won owing to the fact that McLaughlin, to use the vernacular, "could not stand the graft." If he had been a prize ring hero he would have stood to have been beaten to a pulp.

until his ivory teeth were loosened, his eyes had no speculation in them, until every feature in his face had vanished, and his very flesh covering his facial organ was grinded into the raw similitude of an underdone beefsteak. True courage does not arise from mere boxing, nor from the mere beating or being beaten, but from the sentiments excited by the contemplation and cultivation of such practices.

A man can be taught how to box until he becomes a professor, but he can never be taught to have courage. He must inherit it and have it bred in him. What's in a name? "That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." Most assuredly it would, and we cordially acquiesce in the justice of the poet's remark; being well aware that courageous men are to be found in all countries, and that true courage is not confined to any particular place, color or station. Cowardice has often been seen in men of a few feet, and heroism has shone resplendent in men of more diminutive stature.

Courage and stamina is most assuredly a necessary requisite to every pugilist—in fact, eminence cannot be attained without so essential an article—but impetuosity, when occasioned by irritation, not only defeats its original intent, but ultimately produces consequences that are diametrically opposite. Any pugilist viewing it attentively must be convinced of its weakness and absurdity. Want of coolness and lack of stamina, in my opinion, lost McLaughlin the \$1,000, the "Police Gazette" belt and the championship. Coolness should be the leading feature of every boxer. It is the manifest advantage of the science of boxing over the impotent efforts of blind fury and headstrong passion. It is also where fortune proves so admirable a second to judgment in sustaining the heat of the fight without the pugilist losing that equanimity of temper, which in nine cases out of ten gains victory.

Stamina is one important feature in a pugilist; so is coolness and, the most important, courage. Without the latter it is next to useless for a boxer to assume that he will ever reign as a champion. During the thousands of static battles that have been fought in the ring there have been many prize ring heroes who have displayed great courage. Ben Brann, who was the champion of England in 1794, fought the Fighting Grenadier, at Longfields, London, Oct. 31, 1796. The Grenadier, who was a terrible punisher, closed Brann's eyes so that he could not see. He stood still while both eyes were lanced and then won the fight. Brann fought Tom Johnson and stood such terrible punishment that his constitution was materially injured. He died on Jan. 11, 1794, and when an autopsy was held it was found that his liver was injured in consequence of the desperate battles he had fought.

Bill Warr fought Stanyard, of Birmingham, England, at Colbrook, England, Oct. 27, 1792. Stanyard's left jaw was broken in two places in the first round. He fought nine additional rounds before he gave up. Here was courage! Burke the Butcher and Ben Belcher, fought at Hurley Bottom, England, Nov. 25, 1801. Sixteen rounds were fought. Burke's eyes were closed and no one could recognize him, yet he refused to give in. He fought Belcher again at Tyburn, England, Aug. 20, 1802. Fourteen rounds were fought. Burke's face was so disfigured that scarcely any semblance of humanity remained. Still he fought until he could not stand. One hundred similar cases could be recorded of the bravery of pugilists in the ring.

After the English athletes arrived in this country with their big records, many supposed that the American amateur champions would not stand a ghost of a blow with them. At Montreal, Canada, the English amateurs entered in the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association game for the Canadian amateur championship. America was also represented by the Manhattan, the Detroit and the New York Athletic Clubs. The American representatives not only won all the prizes, but in the numerous contests in which they competed they broke all the Canadian best-on-record performances. There were fourteen events, and the representatives of the Manhattan and New York Athletic Clubs won twelve of them. John Owen, of Detroit, Mich., Athletic Club, won the other two events.

I see the English papers are still keeping up Jack Burke in this wise: "Jack Burke is beginning to despair of getting a match with Dempsey. In the course of conversation with the Irish Lad on Saturday, he said that, having done all in his power, conceding everything that mortal man could wish for, and making the stake high enough for the most ardent hanker after money, nothing more could be expected of him. He had waited long enough and patiently enough without receiving anything in the form of a satisfactory reply, and if no definite understanding was arrived at in the course of the next few days it was his intention to 'go for' Dempsey, and beard the lion in his own den. If the mountains will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go the mountains, and we await the issue."

The following decision by Henry Whiting Garfield, President of the National Association of Amateur Gamblers, is an important one to all amateur gamblers, and comes at a very opportune time, as the matter of prizes to be offered at regatta nowadays is a very puzzling question to the Regatta Committee:

"I have no hesitation in saying that the awarding of such prizes as wearing apparel, sugar, flour and the like is entirely wrong and should not be tolerated. When a race is announced as for the equivalent of so many dollars, and the winners are allowed to have purchased for them necessary or useful articles which they would otherwise have bought with their own funds, they virtually row for a money prize. While I advocate to myself no authority to speak for the Regatta Committee of the National Association in this matter, it is in my opinion that any gamblers rowing for such prizes renders himself liable to disqualification. From the time of the Olympic games, when the victor received a simple wreath of laurel, down to this day, the prize in all laudable competitions in every branch of manly sport has been and should always be regarded merely as the emblem of victory, valued not because of its intrinsic worth, but as a souvenir of success. Men who want food and clothing should earn them by honest toil and not by rowing boat races. Such men have no place in the amateur ranks."

Edward Hanlan and Jake Gaudaur are still wrangling over their proposed match. Hanlan pretends that he is eager to row Gaudaur for \$5,000 a side, but, although Gaudaur offers fair and equal terms, Hanlan does not appear to be over anxious to ratify the match.

It must please Champion Jack Dempsey's legion of admirers that he has agreed to meet Bob Fitzsimmons, for Dempsey would have lost caste had he permitted Ted Pritchard to have been imported to this country to meet the New Zealander, after a foreigner had come to his own land and challenged the recognized champion.

THE FOLLOWING SPECIALS WERE RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE:

DALLAS, TEX., Oct. 1. Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, of Ashland, Wis., and R. B. Sullivan, the champion heavy-weight of Colorado, have been matched to fight at catch-weights, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000, and 75 per cent. of the gate receipts to go to the winner. Sullivan stands nearly 6 feet 3 inches in height and weighs 210 pounds, and is 24 years of age. He has won several battles and is looked upon as the coming man. According to the law the principals in a glove or prize fight are compelled to pay \$500 license for the privilege of fighting. Sullivan's and Conley's backers have paid this amount so that the contest will not be interfered with.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 2, 1890. The Audubon Athletic Club, of this city, at a special meeting last night decided to offer a purse of \$1,000 for a glove contest between Mike Cushing, of New York, and Austin Gibbons, of Paterson, N. J. James McConn, the chairman of the club, was instructed to notify Richard K. Fox of the club's offer.

LATER. NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 2. RICHARD K. FOX—Ascertained if Mike Cushing and Austin Gibbons would meet before the Audubon Athletic Association for one thousand-dollar purse. Answer. JAMES MCCON, Chairman Audubon Club.

[Both men were notified.—Ed.] IF YOU ARE ABOUT PURCHASING A RIFLE OR REVOLVER, do not fail to send 50 cents for my 32-page illustrated catalogue, and you will find that you will save at least 25 per cent. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

MANY QUERISTS QUIETED.

ELEGANT PHOTOGRAPHS OF
Joe McLaughlin and Frank P. Slavin.

SIZE 4 1/4 x 6 1/2 INCHES, 10 CENTS.
SIZE 11x14 INCHES, 50 CENTS.
SIZE 20x24 INCHES, \$1.50.

All the famous pugilists and sporting men same sizes and same price, address
RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

[There are so many "Constant Readers" that hereafter the Answers to Correspondents must insist that gentlemen desiring information sign their names. A desire for guarantee of good faith suggests this, and our patrons will at once see the advisability of the motive.—Ed.]

R. W., Toledo, Ohio.—No.

J. C. P., Washington, D. C.—No.

M. W. R., Louisville, Ky.—Santa Claus is 16 years old.

E. S. B., Leadville, Col.—John L. Sullivan weighed 165 pounds.

S. F., Long Island City.—A loss. Tenny never beat Salvador.

J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have no record of the contest you mention.

L. J. C., Laredo, Texas.—I. We answer no questions by mail.

2. B wins.

POLICE GAZETTE ADMIRER, Fall River, Mass.—He is an Irish-American.

R. L., Washington, D. C.—Tug Wilson did not knock John L. Sullivan down.

T. G., Toronto.—John F. Scholes is the champion all-round athlete of Canada.

O. I. C., Lehigh, Indian Territory.—Send \$1.50 and we will mail you the book.

W. D. A., Brodhead, Wis.—Send for "The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan."

R. W. J., Tonkers, N. Y.—We published Frank P. Slavin's record in a recent issue.

A. H., Marion Ind.—Send 50 cents for "The Police Gazette Card Player" to this office.

S. J. A., Duluth.—Peter Jackson and Frank P. Slavin never fought as opponents in the prize ring.

J. W., Salt Lake City.—Charley Lange, of Cleveland, Ohio, has fought several battles in the prize ring.

G., Hot Springs, Ark.—I. Yes. 2. Wolf Bendoff and Jack Cooper fought for \$25,000 in South Africa.

R. W., Hartford, Conn.—A wins third prize, B and D must throw off the tie for first and second prizes.

A COUPLE OF SPORTS, Buffalo, N. Y.—We do not answer correspondents by mail. Aces and four win.

S., Trenton, N. J.—Jimmy Carney and Jack McLaughlin have only fought once and the battle ended in a draw.

J. G., New York City.—Procure a copy of "The Life and Battles of Jack Dempsey" from the American News Co.

M. W. J., Toronto.—Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete, was in New Zealand at last advice from Australia.

H. L., New York City.—I. We could not give you the exact weight because they fought at catch weight. 2. Charley Mitchell fights about 165 pounds.

J. D., Kansas City.—I. George Littlewood's record for six-day-go-as-you please is the best. 2. Dan O'Leary was the first winner of the Astley six-day belt.

R. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—When Jimmy McLaughlin won the "Police Gazette" diamond whip and the jockey championship, E. H. Garrison was the runner up.

M. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—I. It is generally the custom to have one referee, but several prize ring battles have been fought in which there were two referees. 2. No.

J. W., Paterson, N. J.—The referee's decision is final. We cannot interfere with his act by giving our opinion. Procure a copy of "The Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules."

T. W. B., Indianapolis, Ind.—I. Dick Hollywood fought Johnny Keating for the feather-weight championship of America twice. 2. It was in the second battle that Keating broke his arm.

W. G. M., Postville, Pa.—I. John Morrissey never fought Joe Coburn. 2. Morrissey won the championship of America by defeating John C. Heenan. 3. Joe Coburn won the championship by defeating Mike McCoolie.

T. W., Toledo, Ohio.—I. It is impossible to decide such a question. A pugilist might be able to fight better according to London prize ring rules than "Police Gazette" rules, providing he was a first-class wrestler, not otherwise.

A. AND B., New York.—I. It is optional with the party you bet with. 2. If both parties posted money with the stakeholder and instructed him to pay the money posted to the winner, you cannot draw the bet unless the party you bet with agrees to allow you to do so.

J. P. T., New York.—If A and B arranged a race to run on a certain day, signed articles and put up a forfeit, and then A failed to be at the specified place at the time and date appointed, he forfeits the stakes. The question of who wins hinges on the articles of agreement. We have not received a copy, therefore cannot decide.

BRIE-A-BRAC, Midway, Ky.—The races run on the turf in England and this country are so different in their conditions that it would be foolish to try and make a comparison of the relative speed of American and English horses. In our opinion, Salvador, by Prince Charlie—Salina, is the equal of any racehorse that has appeared on the English turf since Ormonde's time.

W. B., Baltimore, Md.—I. No. 2. Jack Dempsey would not forfeit the middle-weight championship by refusing to meet Bob Fitzsimmons for a purse offered by an athletic club. If Dempsey refused to accept a bona fide challenge issued by Fitzsimmons to fight for the middle-weight championship, and the said challenge was backed up with a forfeit, then Fitzsimmons could claim the title.

W. C. B. AND R. S. D., Long Island City, L. I.—In one, two, three betting on a horse the odds laid against the horse running third is just one-half that is laid against him running second. For instance, if it was 15 to 1 against the horse to win, it should be 8 to 1 against his running second and 4 to 1 that he would not run "one," "two," "three." In this country the betting is different from the English style. Bookmakers make their own prices according to the amount of money being put on various horses.

M. J., Holyoke, Mass.—Arthur Wilkinson, the English feather-weight, is twenty-one years old, 5 feet 5 1/2 inches in height, and weighs about 120 pounds. His record is not a very long one, the boxer under notice first obtaining prominence in 1889, when he won Ben Hyams's 8-stone competition, beating Bill and Goode, of Battersea, and Jack Sharpe in the earlier rounds, and Ted Jones, of Hackney, in the final. In 1890 he won Tom Symonds's 8-stone 2 pound competition at Sadler's Wells Theatre, beating Charley Smith, of Spitalfields, in the final, and in the earlier rounds he has fought a draw with Bat Neal, lasting an hour and 7 minutes, and beat Tom O'rdner at the Kennington Social Club, after appearing to have all the worst of it. Wilkinson trained at Brighton, and seemed in the best of condition. On Sept. 5 he defeated Chick Sloss in 7 rounds at London, Eng.

J. C. SILVER, Cal.—Jake Kilrain was the first pugilist to hold the "Police Gazette" championship belt. The trophy was offered as a championship emblem for any two pugilists who aspired to the title of champion to contend for. 2. Jake Kilrain challenged John L. Sullivan to battle for the trophy and \$5,000 a side, at the same time putting up a forfeit. Sullivan did not accept and the trophy was given to Kilrain to defend against all comers. Jim Smith, when he was champion of England in 1887, challenged Kilrain to fight for \$1,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the championship of the world. The battle was fought on December 18, 1887, in France, and ended in a draw, through darkness. The battle was not finished because the pugilists mutually agreed to a draw, which left the referee, George W. Atkinson, powerless to order the fight renewed. By the English champion's failure to defeat Kilrain, the latter, according to the rules, still held the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the championship. Sullivan then challenged Kilrain to fight for \$10,000 a side, the belt and the championship of the world. The battle was fought at Richburg, Miss.

July 8, 1889, and Sullivan won and received the stakes and the belt. Sullivan held the "Police Gazette" championship belt until Joe McLaughlin challenged him to fight for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world. In the meantime Sullivan announced he would retire from the ring, and, as McLaughlin's deposit posted with the challenge had not been covered within the thirty days prescribed in the rules, McLaughlin became possessor of the belt. Frank P. Slavin, of Australia, challenged McLaughlin to contend for the trophy. The battle was fought in the Ormonde Club, London, Eng., on Sept. 27, 1890, and Slavin won and now holds the "Police Gazette" championship belt, subject to the rules and conditions.

RACING ALL OVER.

The Runners and Other Flyers and Those Who Patronize the Turf.

Prince Royal has broken down.
E. J. Baldwin's stable is in first-class condition. Los Angeles is fit to win in any company.

John Campbell's, of the Beverwyck Stable's, Oen-Can is a race horse of high quality and well worth looking upon Campbell is putting his money up; only then.

The Wilkes three-year-old stallion Alroyan, owned by Dr. John Wilbur, of Palmer, Mass., and valued at \$10,000, was burned in a barn near Iowa City, Iowa, Sept. 25.

At the Gloucester, N. J., races, on Sept. 23, Capt. Nelson did not think that Jockey Tabor tried to win on Oden in the second race, and he ruled the boy off the track.

In a selling race at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track, Gravesend, L. I., on Sept. 27 the Dwyer Brothers' Houton won, and E. H. Garrison, the jockey, ran up Houton and tried to buy him.

The running of Captain Sam Brown's horses recently shows that some one has had the brakes on them all through the season. Any one can own first-class horses, but reliable and honest jockeys and trainers are hard to find.

George Covington has again been suspended for quacking. At the Brooklyn Jockey Club races, at Gravesend, L. I., on Sept. 29, he rode Houton in a strange manner, and he was suspended. John Daly and Dave Gilson had \$500 on Houton.

The Latonia, Ky., Jockey Club meeting opened at Latonia, Ky., on Sept. 27. The day's racing was remarkable for the successive victories of J. K. McWhorter & Co.'s stable, Springfield, Ky., W. G. Morris and Valon, belonging to that firm, capturing four of the five races run, and all of the horses named were piloted to victory by that promising light-weight jockey, McDonald. Major Tom was the other winner.

At Philadelphia, Pa., on Sept. 29 Alexander Boy won the pacing race for the \$100 class. The following is a summary:

\$100 pacing class; purse \$500.

Alexander Boy..... 1 1 1

Marende..... 2 2 2

Salle C..... 3 3 3

Victor..... 4 4 4

Time—2:30, 2:18 1/2, 2:10 1/2, 2:00.

At Lexington, Ky., on Sept. 29, Bowdoin Brothers sold to Bradford & Tipton, Lexington, the two-year-old bay filly Lady Wilton (3:28), by Wilton (3:19 1/2), dam Lemonade (3:17), by Kentucky Prince, Jr. Price, \$10,000, which is more money than a two-year-old trotter ever before brought in Kentucky. Lady Wilton is royally bred. Her sire is a son of George Wilkes, and is the only stallion that ever beat Palo Alto in a race, and through her dam she traces back to Alexander's Abdallah, Brignoll, Pilot, Jr., and Ole Bull.

The Brooklyn Jockey Club meeting ended on Sept. 30. The feature was the Brookwood handicap, for three-year-olds, at a mile and a quarter. Domest, Uncle Bob, Sir John, Admiral, Prince Fonso, Riley and Can came to the post. The first named was a hot favorite, and he won, but not until he had a contest with Prince Fonso, who exhibited a remarkable burst of speed in the last furlong. The Holly handicap called out some high-class two-year-olds, of whom Russell was made the favorite. The result was somewhat of a surprise. Esperanza, at 6 to 1 in the betting, winning after a brush with Zenobia, another short one. In the second race occurred the debut of Jimmy McLaughlin, Jr., the hopeful son of the great jockey. He rode Risaph, and though he brought her in last, received plenty of applause. He is not much larger than a good-sized pumpkin.

At the Brooklyn Jockey Club, Gravesend, L. I., on Sept. 27, the Second Special was run. There was heavy betting. Dwyer Bros. started Eon; Lucky Baldwin started Los Angeles, and August Belmont's Prince Royal also started. Eon was a heavy favorite, but the California horse won. Summary:

The Second Special, for three-year-olds and upward; \$100 each, with \$2,500 added, of which \$500 to second and \$500 to third; winner of the First Special to carry 5 pounds extra; one mile and a furlong.

Santa Anita Stable's ch m Los Angeles, 5, by Glenelg-La Folka, 115 pounds..... 1

Dwyer Brothers' b c Eon, 4, by Eon—War Song, 125 pounds..... 2

Castle Stable's b c Diablo, 4, by Eon—Grace Darling, 100 pounds..... 3

S. S. Brown's br f Senorita, 4, by Prince Charlie—Gondola, 105 pounds..... 4

Santa Anita Stable's ch m Los Angeles, 5, by Glenelg-La Folka, 115 pounds..... 5

Time—2:30.

The Betting—Straight—7 to 5, Eon; 5 to 4, Los Angeles; 5 to 1, Prince Royal. No place betting.

At the Brooklyn Jockey Club track, Gravesend, L. I., on Sept. 29, there was quite a sensation. Father Bill Daly's recent purchase, B. B. Million, was put up at auction. David Johnson, the bookmaker, gradually forced the price up to \$5,000, at \$100 a bid, while Father Bill tried to retain his colt as cheaply as possible, making advance offers of only \$5 at a time. When Mr. Johnson shouted \$2,500, Bill Daly answered Five, and Col. Simmons was about to knock the colt down for him, but Snapper Garrison bid \$2,700. On hearing this, Bill Daly said to Col. Simmons: "Let him have the horse, Judge, he may get it out of him." Before the Colonel, however, was able to finish the words "last time," Mr. Johnson responded once more, bidding \$2,705 for B. B. Million, and he would have purchased the colt at that price had Father Bill not changed his mind and called out \$2,710. No more bids were received, and Father Bill retained B. B. Million, while the crowd shouted: "Let him have the colt, he may get it out of him." It was then seen that the old turfman from Hartford received a dose of his own medicine. The purse was worth \$500 to B. B. Million. This sum deducted from \$1,210 which Daly had to pay over the entered selling price of \$1,500 to retain his colt was a clear loss of \$290 to him for winning the race.

The New York Jockey Club opened their gates for their fall meeting at Westchester, N. Y., on Oct. 1. A tremendous crowd was present. The most important race was the Manhattan handicap. The Manhattan handicap had five starters, as follows: Capt. Sam Brown's Senorita, Castle Stable's Diablo, J. B. Haggin's Frensi, Lucky Baldwin's Los Angeles and August Belmont's Raceland. It was, of course, the betting event of the day. Ikey Murphy, who has not been seen in the saddle in public since that memorable day when a milk punch knocked this exceptionally fine jockey and worthy lad into a physical cocked hat, was on Frensi, and the crowd knew it without looking at the telegraphic board. They cheered Murphy and cheered the Haggin orange and blue. Hamilton was on Raceland, Taylor on Senorita, Barnes on Los Angeles and Bunn on Diablo. The moment the pencils displayed their figures there was commotion in the ring. Frensi was the favorite, while Raceland was second in choice, Senorita third and Los Angeles and Diablo particularly long shots. The race was a grand one, and at the last eighth of a mile the struggle was interesting. Summary:

Manhattan Handicap, for all ages; a sweepstakes of \$100 each, with \$2,000 added, of which \$500 to second and \$500 to third; one mile and a quarter.

Hamilton's b c Raceland, 5, by Billel—Calomel, 111 pounds..... 1

J. B. Haggin's b m Frensi, 5, by Glenelg—Florida, 115 pounds..... 2

Castle Stable's b c Diablo, 4, by Eon—Grace Darling, 100 pounds..... 3

S. S. Brown's br f Senorita, 4, by Prince Charlie—Gondola, 105 pounds..... 4

Santa Anita Stable's ch m Los Angeles, 5, by Glenelg-La Folka, 115 pounds..... 5

Time, 2:11.

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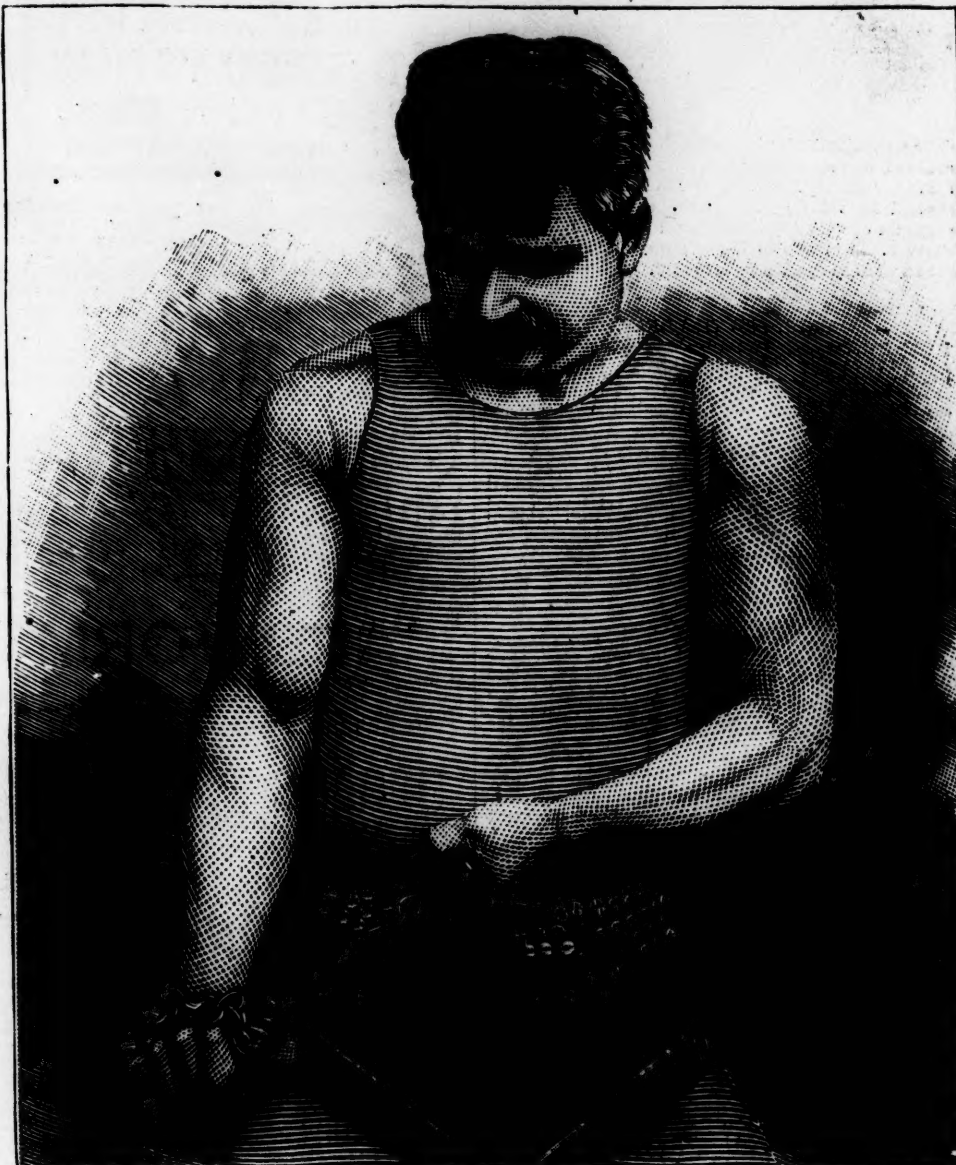
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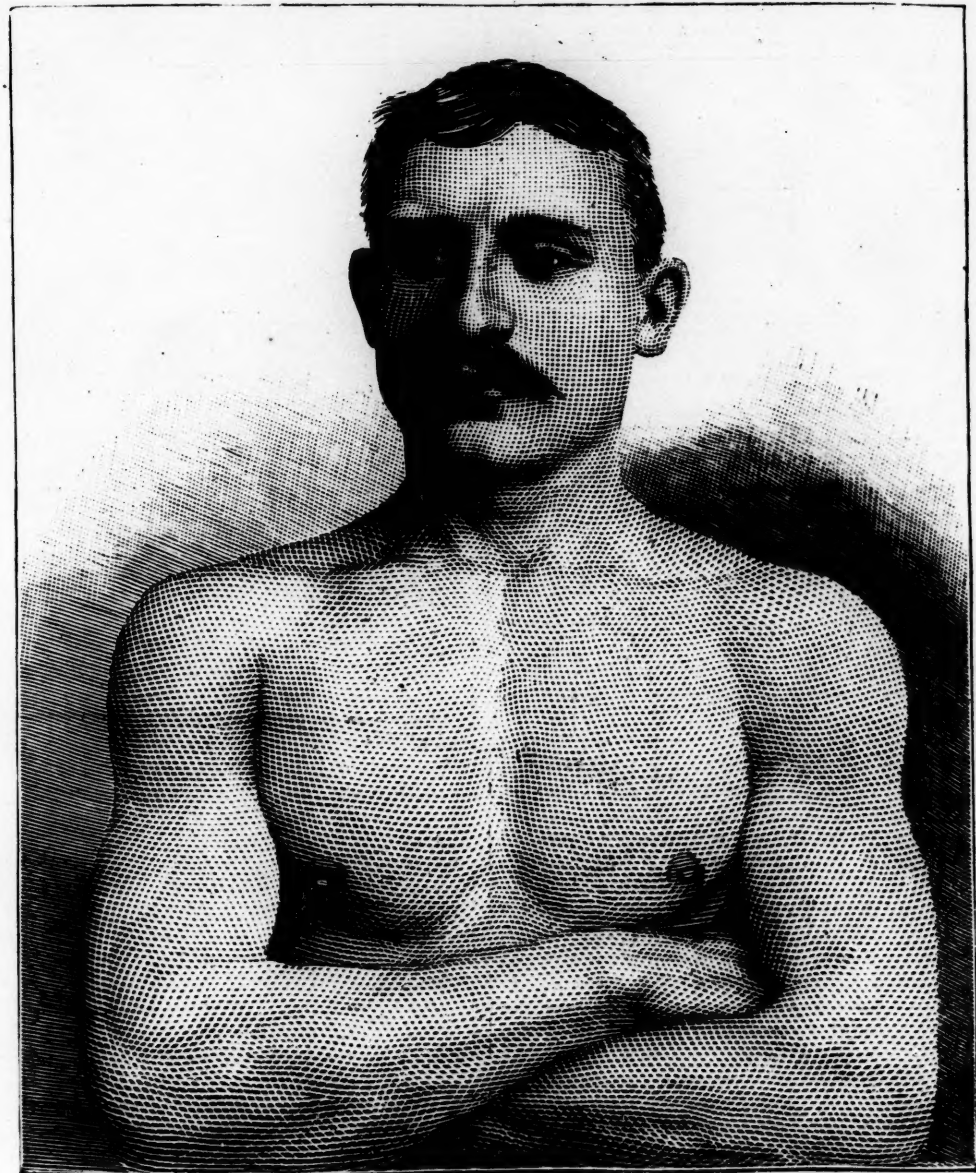
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